

# ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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American and Original.

# The Knickerbocker Magazine,

For 1857.

THE FIFTIETH Volume of THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE will commence with the number for JULY 1857; and it is the intention of the Publisher to make great additions to the literary merits of the work.

We take it for granted there are but few magazine-readers in the country who are not familiar with the authors of ST. LEGER, and the SPARROW-GRASS, both old contributors to THE KNICKERBOCKER. We are pleased to be able to announce that they will both write for our Magazine the coming year. Mr. COZZENS will contribute a new and really original Story, which will appear in every number; and Mr. KIMBALL will furnish a Sketch or a Story as often as his other duties will permit.

We have now two contributors not excelled by any writers in the country, namely, Rev. F. W. SHELTON and CHARLES G. LELAND. The first, known as our "Up-River Correspondent," has written a series of Letters, a part of which have been issued and extensively sold in a beautiful illustrated volume, and the latter is now writing a series of OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, which delight all who read them. These will be continued regularly, and Mr. SHELTON will give a Sketch or a Letter each month.

We have also several highly-accomplished Lady Contributors, whose favors will grace our pages regularly, and whose names we would be glad to publish, if we were permitted to do so.

With these and other regular Contributors, and the TABLE of Mr. CLARK, whose long experience has made him *au fait* in his department, we shall be able to present a monthly literary treat so varied that no refined taste can fail to be gratified. We will only add a few of the kind words which have been said of THE KNICKERBOCKER, and ask to be judged on our merits after a fair trial.

"But there is a quiet body, in the plainest of plain blue covers, that comes to us as certain as the moon, unadorned with wreath or posy; not an 'embellishment' to bless itself with; not a fashion-plate or a leaf from *Punch*, or a pattern for a gusset or a *robe de nuit*; the good old-fashioned KNICKERBOCKER, the ancestor, the veritable Nestor, of American monthlies. But there is no treble in its utterances yet; the fabric for 'the lean and allippered pantaloons' has not been woven and fashioned for it; its hose are well filled out; its knee-buckles are not unloosed; its meerschaum is not discarded; it was baptized in the Fountain of Youth."—*Daily Journal, Chicago, Ill.*

"'Knick' is a great favorite of ours; he never bores us with a long story, or leads into a labyrinth of plot and narrative out of which there seems no way of escape—as he dashes us into his articles at a full gallop, and brings us at a most comfortable and free-and-easy trot.

KNICK's accomplishments are various—he is a wit, a humorist, a poet, a novelist, a romancer, a sentimentalist, an essayist, and we know not what else. May his shadow never grow less."—*Democrat, Kingston, O. W.*

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"Without detracting from any of the cotemporary

monthlies, we think the KNICKERBOCKER the liveliest of them all. It has more companionableness, more su-generis-ness, more wittiness, more reflectiveness, more mirth-provokativeness, than any other American magazine."—*Ind. Dem., Concord, N. H.*

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"Every body knows that the 'KNICKERBOCKER' does not have a line of prose that is not worth reading. But every body does not know that the anecdotes and tit-bits that we copy every month from its pages are not a circumstance to 'what remains behind.' We copy a few only as specimens."—*Boston Post.*

"Our pet magazine is certainly a perennial, for it is ever blooming and fresh. It numbers among its contributors some of the most able and graceful writers in the country. We never yet saw a number of it that was not worth four times its price, and we feel certain that it must have more true and hearty friends than most of its cotemporaries. We read it regularly, from beginning to end—scarcely ever meeting with a dull article—and we finish with a delicious dessert in the way of Clarkiana, or Table Gossip—a rare treat at any time. We wonder that it is not found in every body's possession."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

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# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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VOL. L.

SEPTEMBER, 1857.

No. 3.

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## A SEQUEL TO SAINT LEGER.

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### A NEW SERIES.

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#### TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

Dim, dream-like forms ! your shadowy train  
Around me gathers once again ;  
The same as in life's morning hour,  
Before my troubled gaze you passed ;  
Oh ! this time shall I have the power —  
Shall I essay to hold you fast ?  
And do I feel my bosom thrill  
True to that sweet delusion still ?  
Still press ye forward ? Well, then, take  
Dominion o'er me, as you rise  
From cloud and mist ! — my heart you shake  
With youthful thoughts and sympathies,  
That, as by magic, wake beneath  
The atmosphere you bid me breathe.

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#### A CHAPTER EXPLANATORY.

THE author of Saint Leger, after a lapse of several years, returns to greet the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER with all the force and feeling of an old friendship. It is true, that since his earlier contributions, a largely-increased circulation has introduced new and unfamiliar faces. It is also true that many whom the author loved to meet, and whose presence encouraged and cheered his labors, are now numbered with the dead. Sorrowfully with respect to these, he takes up the plaint of the Poet :

'THEY do not hear the following lay,  
Who listened to my earliest song,  
The echoes of my heart were they :  
But silent now, and sunk away,  
Dispersed is all that friendly throng !'

No : the friendly throng is not *all* dispersed. The author believes that there are many who will return with cordial pressure the imaginary

grasp of his extended hand, and who will congratulate him, for his own sake, that he is again permitted to occupy his familiar place among them. Without further preface, he hastens to make some explanation for the five years' interruption of the 'Sequel to Saint Leger,' after several numbers of it had been printed in this Magazine.

A considerable portion of that period has been spent abroad, near or among the scenes which he now attempts to describe. During this same time there have been several alternations from one side of the Atlantic to the other, which always unfit one for quiet literary labor. Other good and sufficient reasons might be given for so long a delay, but they are personal in their character, and it would be obtrusive to present them.

To recall briefly the narrative to the mind of those who read the small portion which has been printed, and to enable those who have not done so, to go on with it understandingly, the author remarks that in the commencement of the 'Sequel' Saint Leger appears among the Bernese Alps of Switzerland, in an unfrequented part of the Grande-Scheidegg from one side of which rise the gigantic peaks of the Wetterhorn, and from the other, stretch along, in every direction, those vast chains extending link by link until they penetrate France, Hungary, Italy. Here we find Saint Leger in company with Macklorne. He had rejected his proposed purpose of self-indulgence. The world was before him, and its enjoyments within his grasp, but he turned aside. He gave up his anticipated journey into Spain, forgetful of the romantic passes of the Pyrenees, the sound of the guitar, and the tinkling of the muleteer's bell. The maidens of Andalusia were no more a pleasurable vision. The soft skins, and smooth waters, and delicious climate of the South, no longer attracted him. The 'Apennines,' the 'Arno,' 'Rome,' were no longer magic names for his ear. Macklorne was the key to this change of purpose; Robert Macklorne, whom he had just met for the first time. With him for a guide, Saint Leger had descended the Scheidegg, and passing into the valley of the Aar, came to the house of Herr Fluellen, whose only daughter, Josephine Fluellen, produced an irresistible impression on him. He thus speaks of her: 'She was tall, of a perfect figure, with large deep eyes of an indescribable color, whose expression was not on their surface, for one instantly felt it required more than a passing object to call it forth. She wore a simple dress of white muslin. As she descended from the *calèche* she threw off a round straw-hat, and I observed that her hair, which was of a rich brown, was parted from the forehead and braided with ribbon, and brought round and joined to the locks behind. Her face was lovely, and as I walked by her side along the path which led to the house, I whispered to myself the words of Macklorne: '*Who shall console you!*'' On a second interview he says: 'We walked along together. I cannot tell why it was, but I did feel pervading me a throng of happy sensations, circling from heart to brain, tumultuous and irresistible. As I turned half round to look on this magnificent creature, her eyes met mine. I suppose there was something in my look which betrayed the interest I felt, for in an instant the expression of her eyes changed, as if the soul had been summoned into them: they were as quickly averted,

and not a word was spoken by either. For me, I had no wish to speak. I do at this distance of time remember the ecstasy of that moment — the moment after our eyes met. At that very instant rose the moon above the Finister Aar Horn, and cast its rays upon the glistening *firnirs* and along the fearful chasms of the glacier, and across the green belt of verdure which surrounds them, and over the forests — deep, dark, interminable forests — and through the beautiful valleys, and across the gulfs, and torrents, and cataracts, and rocks, and precipices, and along the wild dashing streams, and over the still meadows with houses and gardens and pleasant walks. Upon all these shone the moon; a common matter enough, doubtless, yet just then and just there, as I was looking up and around, I was filled with awe: for an instant the earth appeared to revolve visibly, and a shudder passed across me. ‘The scene impresses you,’ said Josephine Fluellen gently. I turned and looked at her. No pencil can paint the deep enthusiasm which beamed in those fine eyes. ‘The scene impresses you,’ she repeated. . . . Having thus introduced the subject to the new reader, and with the hope that his old friends will not have absolutely forgotten his history, the author leaves Saint Leger to continue it in his own language.

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CHAPTER FIRST.

— ‘στεῖρὰ γὰρ ἀνάγκη!’

‘Relentless is thy power, Necessity!’ — EURIP. — HEC. 1277.

I WOULD dwell on this part of my history: the sojourn in the valley of the Aar. For while it betrays many of the inconsistencies of my nature, (may they not also be of yours,) I cannot forget how much, meanwhile, my character was strengthened, and my purposes defined. We can always look back on certain periods and feel that at such a time a change was wrought in us, pointing to a new life. And how many are there of whom it may be said: ‘They live’? Most of us have no linked life, no continuous existence. We are made up of excitements, labors, pleasurable sensations, sufferings, joys. He only who has a lasting purpose has a life. It is the purpose which groups together all the outer influences, disposing of them as things subservient. It connects the days, and the months, and the years of existence, into an interrupted whole. It preserves and sustains the *egomet*. Without it, how can one say, referring to time anterior, ‘I was’? how be assured that one shall be to-morrow what one is to-day? And as is the purpose so is the life: if the purpose be base, the life is base; if the purpose be holy, the life is true. Where, *hereafter*, all this shall tend, God the DISPOSER knows. But pause now, and ask yourself: ‘What are your sources of happiness and unhappiness? I do not refer to the ordinary demands and appliances of nature. Cold, and hunger, and thirst, require covering, and food, and water, and the requirement is lawful. Other appetites there are, which clamor for indulgence, while the senses demand objects of gratification, I suppose these to be held under con-

trol. But beyond these, what makes you happy, what is your highest pleasure, your chief felicity? Are you startled by the question? Do you shrink from what must follow? Yet you feel that there is to be a consummation. You are told that your coming state is prefigured by your present experience. Are you content that your future should be but the heightened picture of your present?

But to my history. In the near prospect of dissolution I go back to it; to speak of fruitful fields and fertile meadows: of picturesque valleys, silent and sequestered: of gray, feudal towers, toppling with the weight of centuries, and of the stream which in its course quietly sweeps — always sweeps — the cold foundations: of men and women in life and healthful, who inhabited these same fields and meadows and valleys, active, and full of cheerfulness and industry: and of gentler, softer creatures, with lovely forms, and rosy lips, and eyes that looked so deeply into mine, that the soul seemed to flow in with their gaze, until two beings, by the commingling, were but one. How often, in the long future, will young and happy hearts frequent these scenes, giving year by year the self-same tokens? The maiden's sigh; the lover's fond kiss; the last embrace, so many a time repeated; the smile, the tear, the sweet reproach, the fond expostulation; tell me, in the far, far reach of time, how oft are these to be enacted here? Art thou not inexorable, O Destiny! that bindest man to acts like these, over which the will has no control? The will, with all its power, its iron will, its fierce, ungovernable despotism, where is it now? A captive, a suppliant, weak and humiliated. But is not the recompense great? With what can one compare the ecstasy of that moment, when lips on which we have hung so long with rapture, murmur to us the words: 'I love'? Stay, stay, grant me but an instant's vision. Let me look at myself, absorbed as I *then* was. I do behold me. I see, I see. Oh! do not; it has changed; like a dissolving view it fades gradually away; and lo! the old act is replaced with its patchwork and its shifting scenes, and I am as I am wont to be. How long is this to last, and what change will the next world bring? We talk of the ruling passion strong in death. Will it not be strong *after* death? If yea, then what avails all our toilsome, self-righteous drudgery? What avails this starched precision, this formal self-denial, this untiring resistance and renunciation? Can we love where we hate — and hate where we love? Must not the truth out at last? Will not the fire which is smothered burn by-and-by the fiercer? FATHER of mercies, forgive me! I err. I am lost in the turbulence of passion. Bring me back to THEE, great Consolation! THOU ART GOD! Once more Faith triumphs. Once more I am at peace.

Charming was the life we led in that sweet valley; happy the hours which passed so calmly there. There were no excitements, no artificial scenes; no feverish pleasures, no factitious allurements to heat and to disturb the brain. If at times the heart beat fuller and quicker than at others, it sprung from a natural fervor produced by the scene or the occasion. At the house of Herr Fluellen things went on with uniformity and system: not by rigid rule, and dull, unmeaning



method, which produce feelings of constraint and disgust, but with that nice regard to order and propriety always evidenced by those who feel the value of existence. All were the happier for the delightful calm that reigned throughout the household. The Herr himself had his constant routine of occupation. On one day he would traverse the valley, and visiting the cottages, would inquire into the welfare of every member. If any were sick, they received attention ; if any were rejoicing, they found a sympathizer. The suffering and the unfortunate were cared for ; the well and the prosperous were made still happier by pleasant congratulations. The old were reminded of the many blessings with which they were surrounded ; the young were admonished to filial duties, that they, too, might one day enjoy them. The lover and his sweet-heart were not forgotten or unheeded. They were addressed, not by any ill-timed joke or common-place witticism, so invariable on such occasions, yet so grating to the sense, but by simple, kindly words of encouragement and hope, which, expressed with heart-felt emphasis, seemed to strengthen the mutual affection that in the good man's presence, yet with down-cast eyes, was modestly avowed.

On these visits, Herr Fluellen did not confine his inquiries to the situation of the cottages. He carefully inspected the fields and the gardens, and made suggestions which should improve their condition. In a word, he busied himself with every thing which concerned these humble people, who had learned to regard him with love and reverence. On another day the school which he had established was visited, the progress of the pupils noted ; the dull were encouraged, the idle admonished, and the diligent praised. The affairs of his own farm (for as I shall, by-and-by, explain, these people were not *tenants* of the Herr) also claimed close examination. The several products of the soil were carefully looked after, and the result compared with the culture of the previous year ; every thing seemed to merit his observation, and nothing to escape it. After attending to these various duties, he occupied himself in reading from his well-selected library, or in agreeable conversation with his family. Madame Fluellen, as I have remarked, was in delicate health, yet she did much to second the plans of her husband. She, too, visited the same families, carrying with her consolation and happiness ; and she was the sympathizer with many a feeling, and the confidant of many a tale which, even to the Herr, were topics absolutely sealed. In her own house she was gentle yet decisive ; and while she regarded her husband almost as a superior being, she preserved that influence which should always belong to the sex, and is so necessary to them.

Josephine, too, had — but of her employments I will not now speak, preferring rather that they should manifest themselves as my story goes on.

Macklorné and I were no idlers. Sometimes we penetrated together the neighboring mountains, traversing one wild height after another, and enjoying a new prospect at almost every step. Sometimes we wandered for miles through the majestic forests, endeavoring to fancy an encounter with the *berggeist*, or 'spirits of the Alp,' in whose existence the inhabitants believe implicitly. But the happiest seasons

were those when, with Josephine and Annette, we made excursions in every direction, exploring objects of interest or curiosity. We visited many an old ruined chateau, and many a neglected chapel. We discovered many a wild vale and many an unfrequented path, where it is said the race of phantoms and fairies love to tread. At such times Macklorne invariably attended upon Annette; I accompanied Josephine Fluellen. Often we became separated during our walks, especially when we were proceeding to a well-known locality, and then Josephine and I learned to linger, without knowing that we did linger. At times, as we surveyed together an old ruin, or looked down on some beautiful prospect, something would be said, to which the other responded, as if the thoughts of both were just then as but one thought, and our eyes would meet, and I would be thrilled through every fibre of my heart as her soul *touched* mine. Frequently the *calèche* was put in requisition, and then the maidens would drive slowly along, while Macklorne and I walked by the side of the carriage, until, the way no longer passable, they dismounted, leaving it in charge of the servant, and we would proceed on together. On one occasion, when Annette was for some reason prevented from going out, Josephine and I made the excursion alone. We drove on for several miles until we came to Thun, which stands beautifully situated on both sides the Aar. Passing through the town, we entered the charming region beyond, which was covered with vines and trees of a rich foliage. As we proceeded, my companion suddenly exclaimed: 'What an exquisite picture!' I looked across the fields and beheld following the track of a small stream, a little valley that at one point inclined into a rich meadow, over which were dotted thickets of beech and oak; three or four water-falls came tumbling from the rocks which rose precipitately on one side, while farther up, the hills were black with forests of fir. Directly at the foot of the ascent stood a small church, apparently unfrequented, although a path led from it through the pasture to the main road.

'How enchanting! how picturesque!' repeated my companion; 'let us visit that old chapel and see if we can make any discovery.' We alighted, and leaving the *calèche*, walked across the meadow. There were no signs around of animated life, except that as we approached, some goats, which were browsing high up on the ledge above, stopped to look at us for a moment, and then quietly resumed their occupation. The noise made by the falling of several streams of water across the face of the huge rocks, as they dashed from point to point, and glided away to join the river, struck with a mournful echo against the old church, imparting a sense of loneliness to the scene. We both felt it, and both hesitated to push open the door of the edifice. It seemed to be altogether deserted. We approached the altar; the furniture still remained, although covered with dust and in a state of dilapidation, and around were several old drawings, representing different subjects, which once decorated the walls.

'How mournful,' said Josephine Fluellen, 'these marks of neglect and decay on consecrated ground! That the very emblems of our faith should be permitted to moulder and perish: is it not a melancholy



idea ? It is not long since holy offices were dispensed here, and the faithful minister, some humble devotee, here gathered his flock together. There was the chapel for secret prayer ; there the baptismal font, now broken. Hark ! how strangely the murmur of falling water sounds ! Why is it that a ruin always affects the mind with awe ?

‘Is it not,’ I replied, ‘because, when comparing it with what it once was, we are afflicted with a sense that there is nothing permanent, and that all things are silently undergoing change ?’

‘Perhaps so,’ said Josephine, ‘but to me it would seem rather because we behold that vacant and tenantless which was intended to be used and frequented. This breeds an unnatural solitude, and we are terrified. But what could have occurred to make this spot deserted ?’

As she spoke I cast down my eyes, and perceiving among the stones of the pavement, where many of the dead had been interred, something that looked like two small folding-doors, I stooped down to open them. Josephine seized my arm. ‘Do not,’ said she, ‘seek to penetrate farther. Some vault will be disclosed full of revolting sights, or a subterranean cavern, lined with horrors. Do not lift it.’

‘Do you know,’ said Josephine, in a subdued tone, as we walked slowly across the meadow, ‘that to me Nature and Time seem at an eternal warfare : Time effacing and destroying, Nature producing and making new ? How many evidences of the contest do we behold around us !’

‘Of what were you thinking ?’

‘Of the mouldering chapel and the crumbling stone which guard the remains of those once active, now silent, and of the scene about us ; the verdure, the foliage, the cataract which leaps from rock to rock, the river, the valley, the everlasting hills, the round earth itself, which even now seems breathing at our feet. Thousand-voiced, do not all these hail the great PRODUCER and SUSTAINER ?’

‘And our hearts ?’

‘There, Nature preserves her freshness perpetual, if we are but true to her ; if we are not, our hearts grow old and earthly, and so Time, the destroyer, does his work, even in them.’

‘You are a philosopher.’

‘I am not. I can find no philosophy which pleases me ; and unless we are pleased, how can you expect us to be satisfied ?’ continued my companion, suddenly changing her tone to a gay one. ‘Nay, philosopher I am none.’

‘A proper test. An abstraction will hardly pleasure your sex, I know, and you are very frank to admit it.’

‘And why should I *not* be frank ?’

‘Surely ; why not ?’

‘Only *your* sex dare not avow so honestly, fearing you may make yourselves ridiculous.’

‘We have not that privilege.’

‘No, indeed ; it is your province to be very wise, very profound, and very unmeaning.’

‘And yours ?’

‘To be none of these.’

‘And are you then so easily understood? I ——’

‘Hallo, there! which way are you walking? Do you not see that in that direction you will never reach your *calèche*?’ cried a stentorian voice from a distance.

We both turned, and beheld Dr. Lindhorst standing in the road near our carriage, and perceived that we were indebted to him for the friendly caution. We immediately changed our course, and were presently close upon him.

‘Ah! I have made you hear me at last,’ cried Dr. Paul, as we came up. ‘It is strange that the sound did not reach you; it went precisely in the direction with the wind;’ and the Doctor saluted my companion affectionately, while he gave me a cordial greeting. ‘It is you, then, my little Josephine, who are pointing out objects of interest to our English friend. I suppose you have been across the meadow to view the situation of the strata in the hill which slopes so suddenly down. It is remarkably curious; full of different species of chamites, ostracites, globosites, selenites, strombites, and other similar petrifications. I am glad, Josephine, you remembered my direction, or you would scarcely have found them. I assure you, the locality affords the best specimens this side of Berne. The stream, which rises farther up, and pours through the cleft of the rock yonder, is a curious spectacle. Do you know there are persons so foolish as to contend that the cleft was produced by the continual trituration of the water? Now, I admit that water, or, indeed, any liquid, may, by continual *dropping*, wear away stone — *non vi, sed sæpe cadendo* — but *running* water is quite a different affair. It is very ridiculous to suppose that it produces any such wonders. The clefts and valleys are caused by great commotions in nature, and the streams, seeking their level, flow through these, wearing gradually a larger course and a wider channel. By-the-by, were you not intending to return to your carriage? You were going quite out of the way when I called you.’

‘By accident, we deviated from the path,’ said I.

‘Which is a thing,’ returned Dr. Paul, ‘I sometimes do myself when *solus*; but I can hardly understand how two should happen at the same time to make the same mistake; it is a coincidence, a singular coincidence. Now I think of it,’ continued the Doctor, ‘where are your specimens?’

‘To tell you the truth,’ said Josephine, ‘we did not ——’

‘Exactly, you thought best to make sure first of the locality. But this is always dangerous. You often lose an invaluable specimen by some person’s stepping in before your next visit. Did I not discover in the hill which rises above Innsingen, the celebrated ostracite, which weighs nearly twenty pounds, and which now adorns the cabinet of my friend, Dr. Wytttenbuch, at Berne? But thinking it would be safe for the next eight-and-forty hours, I clambered over the mountain, and when I came back — it pains me to think of it, although it was thirty years ago — that magnificent fossil was gone. My friend happened to be out the same day, took a similar route with myself, stumbled on my ostracite, and, being a more sensible man than I, secured the prize.

I never made a second mistake of that kind ; and let me 'impress it on both of you, always to take possession of what you find.'

'It seems to me,' said I, 'that your friend should have given up the ostracite to you, by virtue of first discovery.'

'There you wrong him and me,' replied Dr. Paul. 'Wytttenbuch learned how matters stood, from Christoph Schuppach, to whom I mentioned my loss before I know who had occasioned it, and forthwith sent to my cabinet, with many apologies, the famous specimen, which I, as an honest man should, returned instantan to the owner. Let this, I repeat it, be a warning to you both.'

We had continued standing precisely in the same position during this conversation, and Dr. Paul showed no signs of quitting his post. I ventured, therefore, to ask him if he was going from or returning to Thun.

'Scarcely one or the other, my friend,' replied the Doctor. 'I was told that a bed of slate had been discovered at the foot of yonder hill, like that found in the lower part of the Niess ; which, by the way, is the last mountain of that high calcareous chain of which the Stockhorn, the Neuneren, and the Ganterish are the principal, and which joins close upon the Alps. Now, although I *knew* it was not so, yet, old fool that I am, I must needs throw away half-a-day in making sure of what I was positive about. You see I have answered your question, and I shall now consider my time happily redeemed by coming back to the subject of the tertiary deposits of your country, which was so abruptly broken off when we first met. You are fresh from the spot, and have doubtless made new and important discoveries. I wonder if any further remains of the anaplothenium have been found in the Isle of Wight. It is singular I should have found a tooth, and been unable to light on any other trace. But as to the tertiary deposits ; is there no possibility of connecting them with those of the continent ?'

Here Josephine Fluellen kindly came to my aid. 'My dear Doctor,' she cried, advancing to the naturalist, and laying her hand gracefully on his shoulder, 'I fear the subject must once more be interrupted. Herr Saint Leger is engaged——'

'Quite right, entirely right, absolutely right,' interrupted the worthy man ; 'I understand you without your saying another syllable : you have other localities to visit, and I have already too long detained you. When you pay me a visit, which I hope will be very shortly, we will go over the whole ground. Now you must lose no more time. As for myself, since I am here, I will just go once more, and examine the *molasse*, at a little distance yonder, which contains the *glossopetræ*, though I admit they are but rarely to be found in it. Josephine, commend me to your excellent father. And now I think of it, when is Annette coming home ? Lina mourns her absence. She must come back ; say to her she must come back, the dear child, and comfort us all again.'

I fancied I could see a moisture in the eyes of that abstracted man ; and the thought of Annette seemed connected with some deeper feeling. 'And so,' I said to myself, 'there is no armor *quite* proof against human manifestations. Like the invulnerable panoply of Achilles, some little point is left for the archer, and the arrow is sure to find it.'

We got into our *calèche*, and leaving Dr. Lindhorst to make his visits in search of the *glossopetræ*, we drove pleasantly toward home. I could not but comment on the character of the worthy Doctor, and made several inquiries about him, of my companion; then I recalled her promise to give me an account of Annette, who interested me so much, and to whom Macklorne was so devoted. Josephine smiled; professed to be amused at my curiosity; was half-inclined to withhold her story, that (as I insisted) she might be more strongly imprompted to tell it; then, with a smile and a look which sent a glow over my frame and a thrill through my soul, she proceeded:

'Dr. Lindhorst has been an intimate friend of my father from the time they were both together at Heidelberg. The Doctor was born in Switzerland, and after finishing the study of medicine, came back to his native town to practise it. Before this, however, he had become enthusiastically attached to geology and its kindred sciences, botany and mineralogy, and, indeed, to all those pursuits which have a direct relation to nature and her operations. His father dying soon after, and leaving him a handsome patrimony, he had abundant opportunity to indulge in them, which he did, without, however, neglecting his profession. Indeed he soon acquired a reputation for being skilful and attentive, while every one spoke in terms of commendation of the young Doctor Paul. Suddenly there was a change. He declined any longer to visit the sick, excepting only the most poor and miserable. He absented himself for days and weeks in the mountains, pursuing his favorite objects with an unnatural enthusiasm. Then he left Thun for foreign countries, and was gone two or three years, and returned with an accumulation of various specimens in almost every department of natural science; with note-books, herbariums, cabinets, strange animals stuffed to resemble life, birds, fishes, petrifications; in short, the air, the water, and the earth had furnished their quota to satisfy his feverish zeal for acquisition. He was still a young man, scarce five-and-twenty, but he bore the appearance of a man at least forty years old —'

'But the cause of this strange metamorphose?'

'No one pretends to tell,' continued Josephine. 'There is a report (and my father, who, I am quite sure knows all, does not contradict it) that Paul Lindhorst was attached to a young girl who resided in the same town, and that his affection was returned. On one occasion, a detachment of French soldiers was quartered in Thun for a short time; and a sub-lieutenant, who had in some way been made acquainted with her, was smitten with the charms of the pretty Swiss. I suppose, like some of her sex, she had a spice of coquetry in her composition, and now, possessing two lovers, she had a good opportunity to practise it. Paul Lindhorst, however, was of too earnest a nature to bear this new conduct, from the dearest object of his heart, with composure; neither was it his disposition to suffer in silence. He remonstrated, and was laughed at; he showed signs of deep dejection, and these marks of a wounded spirit were treated with thoughtless levity or indifference; he became indignant, and they quarrelled. It is quite the old story: the girl, half in revenge, half from a fancied liking for her new lover,

married him ; soon the order for march came, and, by special permission, she was permitted to accompany her husband, as the regiment was to be quartered in France, and not to go on active service. Such,' continued Josephine Fluellen, 'is the story I have heard repeated, and to which was attributed the extraordinary change in the young physician. His devotion to his favorite pursuits continued to engross him ; he grew more abstracted, more laborious, more unremitting in his vocation. Again he visited foreign lands, and was gone another three years. Returning, he brought, in addition to his various collections, a little, bright-eyed, brown-haired child, a girl, some four years old ; and taking her to his house, which he still retained, he made arrangements for her accommodation there, by sending to Berne for a distant relative, a widow lady, who had but one child, also a little girl, about the age of the stranger. She accordingly took up her residence with Dr. Lindhorst, and assumed the charge of both the children, while the Doctor continued to pursue his labors, apparently much lighter of heart than before.'

'But the child ?'

'I was about to add that I learned from my father the following account of it. He told me (but I am sure this is not known to any out of our own family) that as Dr. Lindhorst was returning home after his second long absence, he entered a small village near Turin, just as a detachment of 'the Army of Italy' were leaving it. The rear presented the usual motley collection of baggage-wagons, disabled soldiers, sutlers, camp-women, and hangers-on of all sorts, who attend in the steps of a victorious troop. As Paul Lindhorst stopped to view the spectacle, and while the wild strains of music could be heard echoing and reëchoing as the columns defiled along the brow of a mountain which shut them out of his sight, the rear of the detachment came up and passed. At a short distance behind, a child, scarcely four years of age, without shoes or stockings, her hair streaming in the wind, and thinly clad, ran by as fast as her little feet could carry her, screaming in a tone of agony and terror : 'Wait for me, mamma !' 'Here I am, mamma !' 'Do not leave me, mamma !' 'Do wait for me, mamma !' Paul Lindhorst sprang forward, and, taking the child in his arms, he hastened to overtake the detachment, supposing that by some accident the little creature had been overlooked. On coming up, he inquired for the child's mother.'

'Bless me !' said one of the women, 'if there is not poor little Annette !'

'We can't take her ; that's positive,' cried another.

'How did she get here ?' exclaimed a third.

'Something must be done,' said a wounded soldier in a compassionate tone. 'Give her to me ; I will carry her in my arms.' And taking little Annette, who recognized in him an old acquaintance, he easily quieted her by saying her mamma would come very soon.

The Doctor at length discovered that the poor child's mother had died in the village they were just leaving. He learned also that she was the wife of an officer who had been wounded some time before, and that she had made a long journey, just in time to see him breathe his

last, and had remained with the camp until her own death. Some charitable person, attracted by the sprightly appearance of the little girl, had volunteered the charge of it; and, the halt at an end, the detachment had marched on its victorious course. Paul Lindhorst felt a shock, like the last shock which separates soul from body. He had inquired and been told the name of the deceased officer; he buried his face in his hands, and wept. Little Annette had fallen asleep in the old soldier's arms, and the heavy military wagon lumbered slowly on its way. It was more than he could bear to give up the child into the hands of strangers — *her* child. Old scenes came back to his recollection. He forgot every resentment. He remembered but his first, his only love. He walked hastily after the wagon, and readily persuaded the old soldier to give the little girl to him. Then taking her in his arms while she still slept, he walked almost with a light heart into the village. Of course it was difficult at first to pacify the little creature; but kindness and devotion soon do their office, and all the love which she had had for her mother was transferred to her kind protector. She has always borne his name, and, I believe, is unacquainted with her history, at least with the more melancholy portions of it. Do not ask me any more questions. I know you want to speak of your friend Macklorne. I must not show you too much favor at one time; beside, we must visit Lina a few moments. I have quite neglected her of late.'

We were now driving into Thun. At the door of Dr. Paul, we were met by the maiden herself, a sprightly, good-natured, and very pretty young girl, who insisted that we should descend and partake of some refreshments, and see her new garden. Accordingly, we alighted, and were detained so long and so agreeably, that our ride home was by moon-light.

A drive by moon-light, and Josephine Fluellen my companion !

T O W . R . D E M P S T E R .

WRITTEN AFTER A DAY SPENT WITH HIM.

As one born out of the allotted time,  
 Full late I know thee, gentle almoner  
 Of living sweets; that canst so deftly stir  
 The heart to pleasing sadness. Bless the clime  
 That boasts a BURNS, and well may boast of thee,  
 Thou fit interpreter of Scotia's bard:  
 Touching such springs of happy tears, that he  
 Himself should marvel as he weeping heard  
 His own sweet strains, distilled to sweeter grace:  
 As once a poet in another land.\*  
 Since I have, listening, seen that soul-lit face;  
 Those eyes turned inward — pressed that kindly hand,  
 I love so perfect work that HEAVEN hath done:  
 Composer, singer, gentleman, in one.

JACQUES MAURICE.

\* TENNYSON, on hearing Mr. DEMPSTER sing the 'May-Queen.'



## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF VEGETATION. \*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

SEE! what a boundless profusion, thousand-fold mixture of flowers,  
 Scattered in endless confusion, gathered in clustering bowers:  
 So many the names thou hearest with each its barbarian sound,  
 That the listening ear is wearied, the eye turns away from the ground.  
 All their forms resemble each other, every gay flow'ret you saw;  
 The gay-colored throng, in collection, thus points to a mystical law,  
 Thus points to a sacred enigma — oh! would I could give thee, O fairest!  
 Happily give thee the word, whose meaning the key to it bearest.

Mark! from its earliest stages the plant, in progressive gradation,  
 Holds in itself, as it moves, the power of ceaseless creation.  
 From the seed the plant is unfolded soon as the nourishing Earth  
 Loosens it, silently fertile, bedecking herself by its birth;  
 And the light, with its sacred charms, the newly-born flow'ret receives,  
 Its grateful and delicate frame repays with the fresh-budding leaves.

Slept simply the power in the seed, locked deep in its curious cell,  
 Coiled up in itself, a foretype closed up in its folding shell,  
 Germ of rootlet and colorless leaf, minutely perfect in shape,  
 Thus guarded its slumbering life is, foreshadowed its perfect escape;  
 To the gentle moisture intrusted up to the surface it springs,  
 Upward it forces its way, and with newly-found vigor it flings  
 Away the encompassing night: yet think how simple its form!  
 Could you dream of its mission, beloved, the mission it is to perform?

Thus it is ever, my dearest, the plant marks the type of the child:  
 Now to the plant a new impulse is given, and upwardly piled  
 Joint upon joint it moves upward, renewing its primitive form,  
 With thankfulness meeting the sun, with trembling shunning the storm.  
 Yet, never remaining the same, it always renews its mutation,  
 Strives ever at fulness of form, in destined, dependent gradation;  
 Grows more expanded and notched; and now the soft-falling dew  
 Cuts it more into points and divisions, bestowing its delicate hue.

All shapes which snugly concealed, unknown, unconsciously slept,  
 Till, moved into life by its law, to the light have daintily crept.  
 Thus it arrives at last, and perfect, looks forth to the sky  
 In destined perfection and grace, arresting the wondering eye  
 By its limitless colors and forms. Ah! surely this border is seeming  
 Some fairy creation beheld in Poesy's fanciful dreaming.

\* This article, which so beautifully describes the process of vegetation, and the natural laws which control it, does not, as the writer believes, appear in any of the ordinary editions of the writings of GOETHE. It was translated from the German by one of our best scholars; and his indorsement would be sufficient evidence of its authenticity. The writer believes that it is comparatively unknown to the readers of GOETHE, and that it is genuine. He has endeavored, as faithfully as he could, to present the idea in metrical language, slightly changing the words and the form of translation for that purpose.

Now Nature, with more prudent hand, holds in her life-giving treasure:  
 She narrows the cells and surrenders the sap in scantier measure.  
 How instantly then, my beloved, its effect shows the delicate frame,  
 Relaxing its out-pushing force, though the object is ever the same:  
 For still it cares for the future, still seems to consider the hour  
 When, though tender and leafless, the stalk will promise the beautiful flower.

What a wonderful form is seen next, in the continued creation,  
 Chaining the wondering eye in gratefully pleased meditation;  
 Like beside like in a circle, the whole disposed in due order,  
 Shoot the diminutive leaves, giving wholeness at once to the border;  
 Taking its proper position, the axil is pressed to the cup,  
 And, let forth as the finishing work, the gay-colored crown presses up.

Thus is Nature revealed. The work how simple and grand!  
 Member on member displayed, is upreared with Omnipotent hand.  
 Fresh the wonder is always, seeing the slender frame; while,  
 Garnished with many-shaped leaves, the bright flower waves on its stile.  
 Ah! a new, fresh creation is announced by the beautiful thing.  
 Yes! the gay-colored leaflet, bright as the butterfly's wing,  
 Again, in its sudden contraction, feels the all-powerful HAND;  
 And, in forms of most exquisite structure, change and change, as they stand

Side by side, graceful affianced, destined to meet and unite,  
 One by the other in beauty, all decked in their coloring bright,  
 Many, but each in its place: hymns float soft on the air,  
 And a glorious incense exhaling, entwine with other the pair;  
 Reaching and quickening all, their fragrance is scattered around:  
 The Earth is rejoiced with their beauty, made proud of its offspring the ground.  
 And now, with its separate life, swells proudly each little shoot,  
 While veiled in its sheltering womb lies secret the germ of the fruit.  
 As they sink to the earth, by one the seed of another is sown;  
 And so the great whole, as the parts, lives with a life of its own.

Turn, my beloved, and look once more on the flowery profusion.  
 See! how the assemblage no more perplexes the mind with confusion.  
 How every plant the law of its being eternally teaches,  
 Every gay flower with thy soul closer communion beseeches.  
 Lo! thou shalt trace them wherever the smile of fair Nature tarries.  
 Creeping lags the worm, but nimbly the butterfly hurries!

Ever, from its beginning the form of humanity changes;  
 With artist-like sense, from the boy to the man ever it ranges.  
 How out of the germ of acquaintance, need I, beloved! remind thee,  
 Mild familiarity grew, when I came seeking to find thee;  
 With strength, then, in my bosom, kind friendship pleaded the suit;  
 And how love, last of all, to us both, yielded its blossom and fruit.

Think of the manifold shapes which Nature is ever revealing,  
 One after the other evolved, and each addressed to the feeling;  
 Striving to perfect fruition, of soul the highest communion,  
 Similar views of things; that so, in harmonious union,  
 Heart may, united with heart, sing to the HIGHEST their praises;  
 And Piety breathe out her prayer as her eyes to Heaven she raises.

## THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

## CHAPTER FIFTH.

On the day succeeding the events that I have just related, I wrote a long letter to my aunt, in which, after informing her of all that had befallen me up to the time of my being knighted, I went on to say : ' And so, dear aunty, as I find that the being considered the son of a general is of essential service to me in more ways than one, I think it best not to undeceive them ; and, indeed, I do not know how I well could do so now, without injuring my best friend, Fearless.

' My mess-mates are all fine fellows, and I already like them very much, although they *will* play tricks upon me. Last evening, for instance, Hart entreated me, almost with tears in his eyes, not to permit my boy, who, he said, was a lubber, (that is, no seaman,) to hang my hammock up for me, but to let *him* do it. At first, I rejected this proposal, as I did not wish to trouble him ; but afterward, upon his seconding it with an account of a midshipman once " coming down by the run," thereby breaking his neck in so frightful a manner, that the loblolly-boy, with all his skill, could never set it right again,' I thankfully acceded to it ; so he straightway made fast the laniards of my ' dream-bag ' with what he called a '*lazo escurridizo*, or Spanish hold-fast knot,' but which was, in sober earnest, nothing more nor less than a Yankee slippery hitch. So I had no sooner ' turned in ' than I was ' turned out ' upon the deck ; and with so much force, too, that but for my pillow falling directly under my head, I really think I should have dashed my brains out. As it was, I thought my hour had come, and began seriously to reflect upon the propriety of making my last will and testament. And this very morning I was made a precious fool of, to be sure ! The Captain, calling me into the cabin, said :

' Ask the officer of the watch how the hawse is, and let me know as quickly as possible, Sir ! '

' By this he meant, as I afterward learned, that I should ascertain whether the cables by which the ship was held to her anchors were clear of each other, or had become *twisted together* by the action of the tide in swinging the vessel round. Well, I went to the officer of the deck, and delivered my message, and was informed in return ' that there was a round-turn, and an elbow in the hawse ; ' whereupon I said to myself : ' A horse may possibly have a *round-turn* in him, for I don't well know what that is ; but I swear I never heard of one having an *elbow* before.' The more I thought the matter over in my mind, the more confident I felt of my being hoaxed, especially as the lieutenant being below, the charge of the deck was temporarily intrusted to a passed midshipman ; and so, like an ass, I went and made a frank statement of the dilemma in which I was placed to little Weasel, who, after grinning at me a few moments, exactly like one of those laughing hyenas we saw at the menagerie last Thanksgiving Day, politely told me that Maddox (the name of the passed midshipman) was '*fooling*'

me. 'However,' continued he, 'I have just been down to take a look at the horse, which is kept in the place 'where the sergeant of marines cut his throat,' and you may assure the captain of his well-being, for I saw him, with my own eyes, eat a peck of oats.' Happy in the possession of such good news concerning the *animal*, which I concluded belonged to the Captain, I rushed into the cabin, where beside the skipper, I found the first lieutenant and a half-dozen other officers, and cried out joyfully: 'He's perfectly well, Sir!'

'Perfectly well, Sir? Who, Sir?'

'Why, the horse, Sir, and' — here I stopped short, for there was an expression on the countenances of all around me which convinced me that something was wrong.

'The hawse *well*! Why, what in the name of HEAVEN does the boy mean?' exclaimed the Captain, looking toward Mr. Garboard.

'He means it is clear, I presume, Sir.'

'No I don't, Sir,' I blubbered out, driven to a state bordering on desperation. 'Mr. Maddox told me the horse had a round-turn and an elbow in him; but Mr. Weasel says he's perfectly well, for he saw him with his own eyes eat a peck of oats.'

'Amid the explosion of laughter which followed this report, I sneaked out of the cabin, having the extreme felicity of hearing Mr. Garboard say as I did so: 'I really believe that fellow, Jenkins, is a born fool.'

'But I am sure you must be weary of this lengthy scrawl; so I will e'en bring it to a close, with the assurance that I am, as ever, your dutiful and affectionate nephew,

JOHN.

'P.S.— I forgot to mention that you must give up all hopes of ever seeing me a Commodore; at least, under the present *regime*; for Jones tells me that being anxious to know the exact time when he might expect to 'fly a broad pennant' himself, he employed, at a very great expense, an eminent mathematician, of the name of Chauvenet, to cipher it all out for him by *Algebraic fractions*; and the result arrived at was, that according to the present rate of promotion, he would be entitled to that distinguished honor in two hundred and forty-eight years, five months, ten days, one hour, and twenty-eight minutes precisely, from the time of Chauvenet's commencing his calculation.

'There is one chance for me still, however, for Maddox says it is in serious contemplation at Washington, to lay one-third of our little navy 'upon the shelf;' so that some may go 'up, up, up,' and others go 'down, down, downy.' Won't it be glorious — *especially* for the *upper*s?'

'I do hope, my dear aunt, that this *reform* (for by this name it is called) may happen during my novitiate; for, otherwise, who knows but that your poor nephew, who is (as Mr. Kreutzer used to say of him) a dreamy, good-for-nothing sort of a fellow, entirely too much given to the reading of quaint old books, and the study of foreign languages, may be one of the proscribed, and laid up in ordinary, like that worthless old hulk, the 'Experiment,' which you and I visited on the day the 'big-ship Pennsylvania' was launched; or, still worse, be cast adrift entirely, in the same manner that many a poor horse, who has been a

'good one' in his day, is turned out by his cruel master (when in consequence of age or infirmity, he can be of no farther use to him) either to starve to death, or to subsist upon the cold charity of the world.

'But I greatly fear I am growing pathetic, and must, therefore, cease writing at once; for I intend that my motto through life shall be the same as the little drummer's who wrote the letter to the corporal's wife, concluding with '*Vive la joie, et vive la bagatelle*,' which is the French, dear aunty, for 'I go in strong for fun, and do n't mind kicking up a bit of a bobbery.' Good-by.'

Some months had glided smoothly away since the dispatch of this epistle, during which nothing had occurred to relieve the dull monotony of ship-life, when one morning, bright and early, the 'second cutter,' which had been sent ashore as a market-boat, was seen drifting by the 'Shenandoah,' half-full of water; and another boat being sent to tow her alongside of the ship, young Weasel was found lying senseless in the stern-sheets of it, with a deep cut over his left eye-brow.

When restored to consciousness, he stated that upon his reaching the Fulton-market slip, the coxswain of the boat requested him to permit the men to visit a grog-shop in the vicinity, for the purpose of 'warming themselves a little;' which request, as the weather was chilly, the wind being from the eastward, and he expected to be detained ashore some hours, he readily granted; so they all left the boat in high glee, save William Nelis and our friend, Peter Conway, whose turn it was 'to play boat-keepers.' A few minutes after this, Nelis leaped upon the wharf, and, to Weasel's surprise, his companion quickly threw a hammock and bag to him, which had been concealed, it seems, under the bow-grating; whereupon, knowing that one or both intended to desert the youngster sprang to his feet, and attempted to draw his sword; but ere he had got it half out of the scabbard, Conway laid him low with a boat-hook; and the first thing he was again sensible of was, his being in the steerage under the surgeon's hands. From the condition of the boat when picked up, it was evident that the rascals had intended drowning the boy-mid, as, before shoving her off from the wharf, they had removed the plug from a hole in the bottom of her, designed to let the water escape (while she was hoisted up) during a heavy fall of rain, or when being washed out.

As soon as this story got wind, it created, as may be well imagined, a tremendous sensation throughout the vessel; indeed, so great was it, that the crew in a body volunteered to go in search of the delinquents, promising faithfully 'to return to the ship, perfectly sober, within twenty-four hours.' Their services were not called into requisition, however, as the Captain deemed it sufficient to send two reefers ashore to inform the mayor of the city of what had occurred, and to claim the kindly offices of the police in ferreting out the would-be murderers. Toward evening the mids returned, and reported that with the assistance of four special constables they had scoured the locality commonly known as the 'Five Points,' throughout its length and breadth, without accomplishing their object. Of Nelis they could get no trace; but a man answering the description of Conway, had taken passage in a

sloop bound to Providence, Rhode-Island. All that night, and the next day until noon, a rigid search of New-York and Brooklyn was persisted in by large parties of officers; but in vain. It was then abandoned, and the Captain sending for Fearless, ordered him to get ready to start that afternoon for Rhode-Island in quest of Conway, giving him written instructions for his guidance; and as he was leaving the cabin, he called out after him: 'You may as well take Mr. Jenkins with you, for I remember that his father had a peculiar talent for apprehending deserters.' When my *camarada* communicated this piece of good news to me, I could have jumped out of my skin, as the saying is, with delight; and as he was as much overjoyed as myself, we lost no time in making our preparations for the journey. At two o'clock we had secured a state-room on board of the good steamer 'Massachusetts,' and at ten minutes past four were steaming past the 'Shenandoah,' on the poop-deck of which a *posse* of our brother-mids were assembled, who waved their handkerchiefs to us as we went by. Reaching Stonington a little after mid-night, we took cars thence to Providence, where we arrived at three in the morning: and, putting up at the 'Franklin House' went straightway to bed. About mid-day we arose, and breakfasted leisurely, (for Fearless said it was both undignified and ungentlemanly ever to be in a hurry about any thing;) after which we called upon the authorities, and asked their assistance in our search, which they readily granted; but all to no purpose, however, as not the slightest clue could be found as to the whereabouts of the fugitive. At five in the afternoon we had returned to the hotel, and were in the act of settling our bill at the bar, preparatory to returning to our vessel, when our attention was arrested by hearing a man near us say to another, with a band of black silk around his forehead, and a piece of adhesive plaster over the bridge of his nose: 'I heerd, Wilson, that the man who robbed you was a sailor; was that so?' Drawing near to the speaker, we were made partakers with him of the following thrilling narrative:

'I calculate, friend Arnold, you heerd about right. You see, my house is full twenty miles from Providence, and as I had an appointment to meet a Bosting merchant here at seven this morning, I kinder took time by the fore-lock like, by starting in my buggy at two; and a dreadful dark, lonesome ride I had of it, I swow! At day-break I was ascendin' a steep hill about a mile this side of the village of C —, and I was just on the pint of congratulating myself that I should have light for the rest of my travel, when a tarnation fellow, dressed in the garb of a mariner, sprang into my vehicle, and struck me over the head with a club; and the next thing I knew, I was lying in bed at the tavern in Natick, whither it appears my horse had carried me. The tavern-keeper, who is an old friend of mine, seeing my buggy at his door, and coming out to welcome me, found me stretched senseless in the bottom of it, stripped to the buff, with a sailor's blue frock and trowsers thrown over my head, which, as he sagely observed, was the part that least required covering.'

Observing that Mr. Wilson had finished the recital of his woes, Fearless asked him eagerly, if he had the seaman's rig with him; to which



query he deigned no reply in words, but opening a carpet-bag which he held in his hand, he pulled the frock and trowsers out, and held them up to view; and, upon a close inspection, the initials P. C. were found stamped upon them. My comrade then gave an account of Conway's doings in New-York to Messrs. Arnold and Wilson, and immediately invited them to our room, where, after a long consultation, it was resolved: First: 'That the mail-stage which runs through C —— be notified to call for Fearless and Jenkins on the morrow;' and secondly: 'That a bowl of hot whiskey-punch, with the requisite 'trimmings,' be forthwith ordered up to their room, and a night made of it.' In accordance with these wise resolutions, a bowl of punch *was* ordered up to our room, and a night *was* made of it; and, in consequence thereof, when the stage called for us at six the next morning, the Firm of Arnold and Company were carried to their beds, in No. Sixty, as drunk as lords; and Fearless and myself departed with shocking bad headaches; mine being caused by a want of rest, and his from an overplus of liquor. The fresh morning air, however, soon revived us; and by the time the sun rose, which it did in unclouded splendor, we were as gay as larks, and as merry as crickets. At nine o'clock we arrived at C ——, which proved to be a picturesque-looking little manufacturing village, with a beautiful stream running through it, on the south side of which was situated a great barn of an inn, affording genteel entertainment for man and beast. Up to the door of this magnificent establishment our driver dashed in fine style, giving three terrific blasts with his tin horn as he 'drew up,' and 'laid down the lines.' Here was gathered the whole male population of the place, young and old; and on the faces of all were depicted excitement and anxiety, as they crowded in a body about the Jehu and inquired the news. 'Bad enough, I can tell you,' he responded; 'Dorr is to Chepachet with a thousand rag-a-muffins at his heels, and there'll be thunder to pay and no mistake!' Taking no heed to these words of our 'whip,' and fondly imagining that the sight of our gay uniforms had assembled the multitude, Fearless and I elbowed our way into the inn, and politely requested Mrs. Sloekin, the landlady, who — her 'liege lord' being absent — was covered with the mantle of authority, to furnish us with a good room and a comfortable breakfast. The latter she set about providing at once; but the former she demurred accommodating us with, saying, 'I don't know as I can let you have one,' which surprised us not a little, as her house seemed capable of lodging all the inhabitants of the village. A snowy cloth, however, being laid upon a pine table in the back-parlor, and well covered with the good things of this life, we fell to, all unwashed and *untoileted* as we were, and eagerly commenced satisfying the cravings of hunger; our fair hostess the while presiding at the board. But in order that the reader may fully comprehend what followed, it will be necessary to take a glance at the political history of that day. As early as 1811, that portion of the people of Rhode-Island who were denied the right of franchise by the Colonial Charter, granted by Charles II., in the year 1663, (which continued to be, as is well known, the only written, fundamental law of the State after the Revolution,) petitioned the General Assembly in vain for a

change of the constitution in their favor. The question of suffrage once started, was not suffered to rest. Year by year it was agitated until in November, 1841, a Convention, called 'the People's Convention,' was held at Providence, and drew up a constitution for the State, which was given out to be voted upon in December of the same year. In January, 1840, the People's Convention again assembled, and declared that their constitution had been adopted by a majority of three thousand votes, and should be maintained *vi et armis*, if necessary. And in April an election was held for State officers in defiance of the constituted authorities; Thomas Wilson Dorr being elected Governor. And now, instead of testing the validity of their acts before the Supreme Court of the United States, or by sending their representatives to Congress, the Dorr party (as it was thenceforth called) prepared to take forcible possession of the public property. But King, the legitimate ruler of Rhode-Island, showed himself fully equal to the emergency. Dorr's first treasonable act was in May, when he attempted to seize the arsenal. His only piece of artillery, however, refusing to go off, he thought it best to go off himself; and well would it have been for him and his native State if, like some other patriots 'who leave their country for their country's good,' he had never been permitted to return to it. On Saturday, June twenty-fifth, however, he arrived at Chepachet with about a thousand *vauriens* — for all the respectable men of his party had now left him — which he was pleased to entitle his 'Spartan Band,' most probably from the fact of their thinking it all right and proper to rob hen-roosts and 'sich like,' provided they were not caught in *flagrante delicto*. On the same day, my companion and self arrived at C —, and martial law was proclaimed by the General Assembly throughout Rhode-Island; and so it seemed highly probable that there would be 'thunder to pay and no mistake,' as the driver had predicted.

'And so, Madam,' said Fearless, after disposing of his fifth roll and third cup of coffee, you really have not a room for us in this large mansion of yours! Is there, then a court sitting or an election held here to-day, that you are so full?'

'O Sir! the house is not full, but ——' here Mrs. Sloeskin, getting very red in the face, stammered and became confused.

'But what, Madam? Speak out plainly!' said my companion encouragingly.

'O LORDY me, Sir! I'm so dreadful afeard you're both on you Dorrites!'

'Dorrites!'

'Yes, Dorrites! Now a'nt you Dorrites, both on you? I'm so afeard you are; and if you *should* get up in the night, and set fire to the house — and Mr. Sloekin away too — O Lordy me! what would become of me and the children?'

'Dorrites! Set fire to the house! Why, one would suppose you took us for highwaymen, or a couple of Algerine pirates,' said my companion indignantly. 'In HEAVEN's name, Madam, explain yourself; what *do* you mean?'

But no explanation followed; for wringing her hands, and muttering

to herself, \* 'Algerine pirates ! Algerine pirates ! that's the way all of them talk. O LORDY me ! we'll all be murdered in our beds !' Mrs. Sloekin rose from the table, and darted from the room with the speed and flurry of a struck dolphin. In a few minutes, however, she rejoined us, accompanied by Elder Pierson and Brothers Davis and Allen ; who filled the offices respectively of carpenter, blacksmith, and post-master ; and who were at that time in the full exercise of the important functions of *selectmen* of the village.

'My friends,' drawled the Elder, who apparently labored under the impression that the nose was the organ of speech, 'these are very dangerous times, and it well becomes all the friends of law and order to be on the watch-towers. You will, therefore, pardon me, I am sure, my friends' — here he looked straight at Fearless and myself — 'if I take the liberty of asking you *where* you came from ? *where* you are going to ? and *what* your business is here ?'

'Why, confound your Yankee impudence,' said my companion, whose blood was now up : 'I have often heard of the excessive curiosity of you Yankees, but hang me if this is n't carrying the joke a little too far. Whence I came is best known to myself, and *there* I intend to return, as soon as I finish my business *here*, which I don't think proper to disclose to you or any one else ! Now are you satisfied ?'

'At least,' said Brother Davis, a little man, with weak eyes and a weak voice, 'you can let us know whether you are a Dorrite or a King's man !'

'Kings be damned !' cried Fearless furiously ; 'can't you see, you blockhead, that I wear the American eagle on my buttons ! By HEAVEN, Jenkins, I believe we have got into a mad-house,' he whispered to me aside.

The post-master, who was the village oracle, having been thrice in his life to the Mecca of New-Englanders, and once even as far as the 'Quaker City,' now sprang to his feet, and made a most lengthy and wordy speech, in the course of which he gave us the information that we have already communicated to the reader, about the politics of the day, winding up with a magnificent peroration, in which he likened Thomas W. Dorr to the devil, and Governor King to 'that great and good man, Cæsar Augustus Brutus !'

'And so,' said Fearless, whose eyes had become opened by this oration, but whose irritation had not yet subsided, 'it seems there is a 'tempest in a tea-pot' here. Well now, to tell you the honest truth, I never heard before to-day of either Governor King or that scamp, Dorr !'

Here was a pretty state of things, to be sure ! For months had the little State of Rhode-Island been convulsed to its centre with the eyes of the whole world upon it, as its inhabitants fondly supposed, and now to have a man — not a foreigner either, but a native-born citizen of these United States — declare that he had never heard one syllable in relation to it, was almost too much for Rhode-Island flesh and blood to bear.

'I want to know !' exclaimed the Elder.

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\* The Dorrites called the 'Law and Order' party *Algerines*.

'Why, how you talk!' said the post-master.

'Now du tell!' cried the blacksmith.

And, 'O Lordy me!' shrieked the landlady; while my companion and I laughed until the tears trickled down our cheeks.

After the agitation on both sides had subsided somewhat, we held a long and amicable conference together, during which Fearless entertained the villagers with some most exaggerated stories of his services in Florida against the Seminoles. After which the selectmen having pronounced us 'dreadful pleasant men in our speech, and awful well *wayed*,' the landlady showed us to the best room in the inn, where she left us to make our toilet, while she went to inform her neighbors that 'we were officers of the Navy who had served in the Florida war, and that we would doubtless assist to defend the village in case the Dorrites should have the temerity to attack it.'

After dressing, Fearless proposed that we should proceed, on horseback, to visit the neighboring villages and factories, in pursuit of Conway; which we accordingly did: and although unsuccessful in our search, we were not a little cheered by the warm reception which we everywhere met with from the populace. Indeed I think I can truly say that at that momentous period we were the two most popular gentlemen in all Rhode-Island; for as we passed through Compton, a stronghold of the Dorrites, sundry ragged wights, having 'letters in the post-office,' greeted us with loud huzzas as 'Dorr's aids; ' while in Coventry, on the other hand, a tall, lank fellow, wearing a green jockey coat and leather overalls, cried out as we spurred by, 'Three cheers, boys, for the Colonels of the regular-built army, who are going to head Governor King's troops to-morrow!' and straightway the whole village cheered most vociferously.

At sun-set we dismounted at the door of our inn, pretty well fagged out; and after partaking of a bountiful meal, in which dinner and tea were combined, were preparing to retire for the night, when Brother Davis waited upon us with a request that we would 'assist' at a 'sewing-circle,' said circle being convened at that very moment in the 'keeping-room' of his hospitable domicile, situated on the opposite side of the road, about a stone's cast from our lodging. Now there is a tradition in the service, as old as the hills, that no midshipman was ever known to decline an invitation to an evening party who could either beg or borrow a decent coat to go to it in; so it is, perhaps, needless for me to add that we joyfully accepted this one, and in conformity therewith, soon found ourselves in the midst of a bevy of cherry-cheeked damsels, all of whom seemed disposed to play the agreeable to the 'distinguished strangers;' and as the most of them were pretty, lively, and well educated, Fearless and I spent quite a jolly evening with them; the more especially as the rustic beaux who were present, being quite dumfounded at the sight of our gold lace and bright buttons, left the field entirely at our disposal.

The sewing being soon thrown aside, the first game in order was 'Blind-man's Buff;' next came 'the Fox and Geese,' and finally 'Hunt the Slipper,' in the prosecution of which several of the belles, like those engaged in a similar amusement in the cottage of the Vicar of Wake-

field, received some deuced severe thumps on that part of the body 'least calculated for defense.' After this, cider and dough-nuts were served out to us in large quantities, and then ensued a general *conversazione*, during which Fearless drew tears from the eyes of more than one of his fair auditors by a stirring narration of his manifold sufferings 'by flood and field' in the service of 'his ungrateful country,' while I was cornered by a certain Miss Thankful Holden, sister to our landlady, who entertained me with a full and detailed account of the useful art of making and 'doing up' gentlemen's linen.

'You see, Mr. Jenkins,' she continued, after descanting a full half-hour on this interesting topic, 'I happen to know well what I am talking about, for I make all my brother's shirts at twenty-five cents each; and it is my custom whenever he requires a fresh lot, to purchase one for him, ready made in the latest style, to serve as a pattern. Now, when I was last in Bosting I bought him a shirt, and ——'

'Thankful, dear,' interrupted Mrs. Sloekin mildly, 'I think you are unintentionally leading Mr. Jenkins into error, for if my memory serves me right, you bought brother George *two* shirts.'

At this remark Miss Holden sprang from her seat as if a pin had pricked her, and confronting her sister with an air of injured innocence, exclaimed: 'O sister Sally! how *can* you make such an assertion! I tell you I bought George *a* shirt!' Then turning to me she repeated slowly and emphatically, as one who felt that her character for veracity had been impugned: 'Mr. Jenkins, I *know*! I-bought-him-a-shirt!'

At this instant the clatter of a horse's hoofs smote our ears, followed quickly by the blast of a bugle; and rushing into the street, we were just in time to hear the rider, who had stopped in front of the tavern, read the Governor's proclamation calling upon 'all good people, not maimed or sick, between the ages of twenty-one and sixty, to take up arms in defence of the State.' He then distributed a number of printed copies of the proclamation to the crowd that gathered about him, and rode off *à toute bride* to summon other places to arms in like manner. The party now broke up in confusion. Husbands took leave of their wives; brothers of their sisters; and sweet-hearts of their lovers; and on all sides there was weeping and lamentation. But Miss Holden, true to herself in the midst of the uproar, called out to me, as I was taking my departure, in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard over the whole village: 'Mr. Jenkins, I *know*! I-bought-him-a-shirt!'

In the morning when I awoke from a feverish sleep, which had been greatly disturbed by a vision of some dozens of old maids dancing in a circle around me, each dressed in *a shirt et preterea nihil*, hearing voices under my window, I arose and looked out; and lo and behold a curious and fearful spectacle presented itself! Brothers Davis and Allen, who the evening before had been as well as men could be, were now so lame that they could scarce hobble along, while Elder Pierson was actually on crutches. The village Crispin had his arm in a sling, and at least a score of other worthies were similarly afflicted. Taking it for granted that a grand battle had been fought during the night, I hurried on my clothes and rushed into the street to learn the particulars of it; but to my surprise and amazement, I was informed that the rival

forces had not yet exchanged a blow, but that rheumatism, that dreadful and insidious foe! had actually in one night, and that too, in the balmy month of June, placed *hors du combat* twenty-eight able-bodied men of the little village of C —, a place numbering in all not over five hundred souls. From this fact the reader may form a pretty fair judgment of the rigors of the climate of New-England. To the everlasting honor of the cripples be it narrated, that the only regret they expressed at their affliction was, that it deprived them of the honor of bearing arms in the service of their beloved Rhode-Island.

As my ship-mate and I rose from the breakfast-table about nine o'clock that morning, Mr. Sloekin, who had just got home, entered the parlor with his hat in his hand, and accosting Fearless, said gravely: 'My wife tells me, Kurnel, that you are a great warrior, and have served in more than twenty battles. Well, there are about twenty of us fellows here what are all fired full of fight, but darn me if there's one among us that can load a musket; so I thought I'd make bold to ask you to drill us a little.'

'With all my heart,' answered Fearless promptly, (although he knew no more of the manual exercise than a cat does of music.) 'Bring your squad into the little back-yard here, and I'll put them through in a jiffy.'

The recruits being drawn up, shoulder to shoulder, with their toes resting on a chalk-line which he had marked on the ground, Fearless, handling a musket himself and giving his soldiers ocular demonstration of the manner in which each *evolution* should be performed, ordered: 'Shoulder arms!'

'Middle your breechings!' Here every fellow inspected most carefully the set of his unmentionables.

'Take out your tompions!' At this order the whole command drew out their ramrods, in imitation of their commander, save one Obadiah Trippet, a worthless varlet, who said, with a snigger: 'I swow, Capting, I've been to three 'general trainings' and never heerd *that* order given afore, and I don't believe it's right no how — now I tell *you*!'

This spark of rebellion, however, being quickly smothered by Sloekin's seizing the unbelieving Obadiah in great wrath by the coat-collar and kicking him right out of the ranks, Fearless continued:

'Cartridge!' 'Wad!' 'Ram home!'

'Round shot!' 'Wad!' 'Ram home!'

'Prick and prime!'

The execution of this mandate was delayed for a few minutes, until the military could be supplied with pins by the landlady.

'Ready!'

'Aim!'

'Stand by!'

'Fire!'

Then came a deafening report, and when the smoke cleared away, it was discovered that a large majority of the balls or 'round shot,' as Fearless called them, had passed through a piggery in a neighboring yard, killing outright the mother of an interesting family of nine pork-lings, and mortally wounding three of her offspring. Nothing daunted,



however, this brave army continued their *martialism* with unabated ardor; and when, after an hour's hard drilling, in which the 'small arms' and 'great-gun' exercise were thus ludicrously combined, Fearless dismissed them, with the flattering assurance that 'they were *equal to few, and superior to none.*' They marched off holding their heads very high up in the air indeed.

• The rest of this day was passed by us mids in the same manner as the preceding one, and with a like fruitless result; but when evening came, we were pleasantly entertained in listening to the gossip of our landlady. Among other yarns she narrated this, concerning the parsimony of the inhabitants of a certain *small* village in Connecticut, where she had lately resided, which amused me *some*, as the Yankees say:

'You see,' said she, 'they was the dreadfullest, closest critters as ever was! Well, on last Christmas Day, a certain Deacon Perkins, who had been a-living away off among the benighted nations, preached to them; and a dreadful powerful discourse was hisn, I can tell you. So when he come to tell of the awful wickedness of the heathen, the hull meetin'-house was filled with sobs and groans; and 'Squire Allen, who, folks said, was worth more than a million, was so moved by the good deacon's eloquence, that after preachin' time, he presented him with a bran new, shining five-dollar gold piece, and invited him hum to dinner in the bargain. Well now, would you believe it! Allen's relations held a meetin' next day, and declared he must be crazy to be 'squanderin' away his money so,' and some on them made *deposits* before a magistrate that he was not of sound mind, and so they got a guardian appointed by the State to manage his affairs, and tucked the poor old man right in to the Insane Asylum, where he's ben ever since!'

Just as Mrs. Sloekin had concluded her story, the Fourth or Kent Brigade, about four hundred strong, marched through the village, headed by General Greene, and a finer body of men my eyes never rested upon. And here let me, John Jenkins, pause a moment in this most faithful narrative of my life and services, to pay my tribute of admiration to that spirit of gallantry which characterized the Rhode-Islanders during the whole course of what was popularly styled the Dorr War; for in my various peregrinations about C —, and afterward in Providence, I was much struck with it. In the ranks of the 'Law and Order' forces were to be seen many youths of fifteen and sixteen; and when marching out to attack Dorr in his entrenchments, (who every one supposed would make a desperate resistance,) the whole army moved off as cheerily as though parading on a gala-day. And Rhode-Island, like the mother of the Gracchi, when asked for her 'jewels,' may proudly point to her children; since she possesses more than one Perry, and not a few fair maidens, in whose persons are combined the beauty of Helen, and all the rare virtues of Lucretia!

Scarce was Monday's sun an hour high when Fearless, who had been out since day-light enjoying the freshness of the morning air, bounded into my room, crying out: 'I have tracked the rascal at last, Jenkins! He is at this very moment sitting on the bridge, little dreaming of our

being so near him. Now, do you dress as quickly as possible ; cross the river by the factories, and come upon him on the other side, while I look out for him on this, which will be attacking him in front and rear, as the soldiers say.'

As the reader may suppose, I suffered no 'grass to grow under my feet' in obeying these instructions ; and in less than fifteen minutes from the time of their being issued, we were both at the scene of action. Starting up as I approached him, Conway was about running in the opposite direction, when the sight of my comrade, standing within a few paces of him, as immovable as a statue, and taking deliberate aim at him with a large ship's pistol, brought him to a stand.

'Come, Conway,' said Fearless quietly, 'all chance of escape is cut off from you now, and resistance would be worse than useless, as you see. You must return with us to the ship.'

'I'll have the life of one of you first !' yelled the desperado, as drawing a sheath-knife from his bosom, he sprang toward me, and seizing me by the throat, brandished it exultingly over my head. All the events of my past life were crowded into the next five or six seconds of my existence. I thought of my Aunt Polly, and of the many times that I had vexed and disobeyed her ; and above all else, I regretted having once placed a pin in her seat, (which she, good soul, supposed had got there by accident,) at one of her evening prayer-meetings. This and similar iniquities came thick and fast upon me, until my hair rose up *en masse* ; and I feel quite sure that my cap must have been elevated at least five inches above my *cabeza*.

'Die, boy !'

But at this instant Fearless, who had not altered his position in the least, nor indeed changed a muscle of his face, so far as I could observe, fired, and the descending arm of the villain fell powerless to his side. Quick as thought I grasped him in turn by the throat. But dashing me aside as if I were an infant, and hoarsely screaming, 'May the curse of God light on you both !' he sprang over the low railing of the bridge into the rippling waves beneath, and disappeared from view. In an instant, however, he rose to the surface and commenced swimming toward the shore. But the river, swollen by recent rains, was running at a fearful rate ; and Conway, although an expert swimmer, soon found himself, with his broken arm, at the mercy of the current. For a few moments more, however, he struggled manfully with his enemy, when, his strength being exhausted, he threw his arms up toward heaven, as the waters closed over his head. Again he reappeared, and never shall I forget his agonized countenance, blanched by the terrors of death, as crying out piteously, 'Save me, save me, O my God !' he sank the second time.

During all this while, paralyzed with horror, I stood motionless on the bridge, with my eyes fixed steadily on the drowning wretch as if he were a basilisk ; but not so Fearless, who, divesting himself of his clothing as he went, had from the first kept abreast of him on the right bank of the river, and now plunged into the stream to his rescue, while two villagers who had been fishing in a boat at a little distance, hastened to the assistance of both.

The heroic conduct of my mess-mate aroused me to a mortified sense of my own delinquency ; and I had commenced stripping with the intention of following his example, when the strong arm of Elder Pierson (who in his excitement had thrown aside his crutches) arrested me.

‘Young man,’ said he, ‘you can render no service, and would but peril your own life by jumping into the river now, See ! the Kurnel has already got that fellow !’

True enough Fearless had caught Conway by the hair of the head as he was sinking the third and last time, and now held him with his face out of water, apparently lifeless. A minute more, and both were in safety in the boat. The *medico* of the village being sent for, and the proper restoratives applied, Conway was soon brought to a state of consciousness ; after which the ball was extracted from his arm, and the limb itself (several of the bones of which were badly shattered) put in splints ; which operations being cleverly performed, he humbly declared himself quite comfortable.

About an hour after this, Fearless said to me : ‘What did you think about, youngster, when you saw that knife glittering over your head ?’

‘My Aunt Polly,’ I answered naively ; and then I told him of all that had passed in my mind, at which he laughed heartily awhile, and then placing an arm affectionately on my shoulder, he said very gravely : ‘You have a good heart, youngster, I perceive ; and now let this be a warning to you, (although I do n’t believe that affair of the pin was ever logged against you in the other world,) never in future to do that which in a moment of danger your conscience can reproach you with having done ; for a sailor, whose whole life is a warfare against the elements, is constantly placed in situations requiring the full exercise of all his nerve ; and ‘conscience,’ you know, ‘makes cowards of us all.’ Noble fellow ! how oft in later years have I recalled to mind your words !’

That afternoon we left C — for Providence, on our homeward journey, in a carry-all belonging to Brother Davis, and drawn by a bob-tail, sorrel mare, which had been familiarly known in those parts for the preceding twenty years as ‘old Ginnie.’

Now old Ginnie, although ‘a rum one to look at,’ was *not*, unfortunately, ‘a great one to go,’ her maximum speed being a trifle less than three miles an hour ; so although we left our inn at three o’clock, we did not reach our place of destination until seven, when we had the extreme satisfaction of learning that we were just in time to be too late for the New-York train, and would have to remain at Providence until the next evening.

Our driver on this occasion was one James Foster, a cross-jack-eyed fellow, commonly called Particular Jim from the following circumstance in his history : One night in the winter of 1840, Mr. Russell, a lecturer on elocution, gave a lesson in reading in the school-house at C — to a large class of young ladies and gentlemen, among whom was our *particular* friend Jim. The plan pursued by Mr. Russell was to read aloud from Scott’s ‘*Marmion*,’ while his scholars recited the poem after him. They all got along very comfortably together, until they came to that passage where the irate Douglas pathetically beseeches his grooms to raise the draw-bridge, when the lecturer, wishing to call the

attention of his hearers to some of the beauties of it, suddenly paused in his reading ; all the class as suddenly stopped reciting, all but the unfortunate James, who being (as he supposed) quite familiar with the 'pome,' and fully imbued with the spirit of it withal, roared out :

"Up with the bridge there, grooms, what warder ho!  
Let the *particulars* fall!"

From that time forth he was known to all his kinsfolk and acquaintances as 'Particular Jim,' and by late advices from C —, I learn that he continues to be so designated by all the dwellers in that neighborhood up to this very hour.

Neither during our detention at Providence, nor on our journey *shipward*, did we meet with any incident worth narrating ; and at sun-rise on Wednesday we were in the act of 'pushing off' in a Whitehall boat from Pier Number One, North-River, bound to the 'Shenandoah.'

On our way thither, Fearless observed to me : 'The frigate has 'unmoored' and hove in to a 'short stay' on the port cable, which is a sure sign that our stay here will be short, too.'

And such, indeed, proved to be the case, for upon our arrival aboard, Mr. Garboard informed us that we had 'but just saved our passage, every thing being in readiness for getting under way as soon as the tide served.'

After making our report to Captain Blazes we hurried below to the steerages, where we received the warm congratulations of our brother-mids on our success in capturing Conway, and a pressing invitation to relate to them our adventures on shore ; and when we had done so, they informed us of all that had transpired on ship-board during our absence, winding up with : 'And so, boys, you see we are to take a special ambassador to Lisbon, to demand an apology from the Portuguese Government, for an insult offered to our flag, and as the diplomate selected for this service is said to be a perfect fire-eater, we are in for a fight, that's certain !'

This *awful* war-like news produced a great effect upon my mind at the time ; but I have since found out that no American man-of-war, rating more than one gun, ever yet sailed from the United States that was not specially designed, in the opinion of a majority of her steerage officers, for the blowing up of some European city, or the capture of a British or French fleet.

That torment, Weasel, now approached me with a consequential swagger, and said : 'I tell you what it is, *youngster*, you had better not eat any thing to-day, for Father Neptune will want you to settle your account with him before you are forty-eight hours older, and the less you have in your stomach the easier it will be to *cast it up* for him,' which agreeable piece of information proved to be but too true, as the reader will find if he have the patience to peruse the next chapter. Before proceeding to it, however, I will take my leave of Conway, by mentioning, that after receiving fifty lashes with the *cats*, by sentence of a Court-Martial, he was dismissed from the service ; and some six years ago one Peter Conway, mariner, whom, from the description given of him, I take to be *our* Peter, was hung in the State of New-Jersey, for murder.

## A S O N G O F W E A R I N E S S .

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

COME to me, NIGHT! for I have prayed for thee.  
The sweet day groweth pale,  
And toward the sun-set portals sad and slow,  
Her feet adown the mountains trembling go:  
The white clouds sail  
In dreamy beauty o'er a waveless deep,  
As silent thoughts o'er human bosoms sweep.

Come to me, NIGHT! for I have prayed for thee.  
I weary of the light;  
'T is well for toil, 't is well for mortal strife:  
But thou hast holier thoughts than these, O LIFE!  
Come swiftly, NIGHT,  
I watch to see from out the twilight gray,  
Pale stars look down, like eyes of saints who pray.

Come to me, NIGHT! I watch, I wait for thee.  
The wind's low thrilling call  
Sounds like a voice that trembles with delight  
At some rare thought of beauty or of might;  
But over all  
The restless tones of human sorrow creep:  
Come gently, NIGHT, and fold their hearts in sleep.

I bless thee, NIGHT! for thou hast come to me.  
The great Earth lieth dumb;  
Her weary sons forget to toil and reap,  
Only in dreams her mourners wail and weep,  
And angels come  
With gifts and grace for those whom HE has blest,  
Who maketh HIS beloved sweetly rest.

I bless thee, NIGHT! for thou hast come to me.  
Thy voice is in mine ear;  
Thy words of benediction, soft and low,  
From out the silence and the darkness flow:  
And as I hear,  
Still as the dew upon my weary heart,  
Droppeth the peace thy gentle tones impart.

I bless thee, NIGHT! for thou hast come to me.  
Now rock me on thy breast;  
Sing me low slumbrous songs with dreamy flow,  
Breathe from my soul this dust that staineth so,  
And in my rest  
May eyes I love in all my dreaming be:  
I bless thee, NIGHT! for thou art blessing me.

## A NONSENSICAL MUSICAL TALE.

'On! no, fulle soonere schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,  
Fulle soonere woulds I tortured bee toe deathe.'

ÆLLA: THOMAS CHATTERTON.

MUSIC was afloat, now rolling in waves of sound against the glorious master-piece of Michael Angelo, now eddying round the deeply-recessed windows, the solemn notes of Allegri's *Miserere* filled to overflowing the lofty interior of the Sistine Chapel. Hidden by the railing which runs across the middle of the chapel, a young man was trying to learn the notes of the chant by ear and place them upon paper, but the task was too difficult, and he finally threw down his paper in despair and awaited impatiently the closing of the church. Soon the rehearsal was over, and mingling cautiously with the departing choir, he passed the sentinel at the door with safety, and hastening through the ante-room, he apparently awaited upon the Scala Regia the coming of some one. Among the last of the choir was a boy about fourteen years old, who, after seeing that there were no listeners near, joined the young man.

'Well, Giovanni,' said the latter, 'I have succeeded no better than at last night's rehearsal; we must try some more decisive means for getting possession of the manuscript of the *Miserere*.'

'I have scarcely a better report to make,' said Giovanni. 'I did manage to copy a few of the notes of the treble part which I sing, but they of course will not be of any service unless you have the other parts.'

'There are but three rehearsals more,' said the other; 'and as it is evidently impossible to accomplish any thing in this manner, to-morrow night I shall endeavor to gain admittance to the chapel, and break open the strong-box containing the manuscript.'

'Oh! we can easily do that,' said Giovanni, 'for the door opens from the inside without a key, and I can remain behind when the rest of the choir come out; so that if you will provide yourself with the necessary tools for breaking open the box, and come here about mid-night, I will let you in. But the only objection I have to the plan is, that it will be difficult to tell in which of the boxes the *Miserere* is kept, for Pedro sends us all out before he puts away the music; however, if you come early we shall have time enough to open them all, if we can find it in no other way.'

'Very well,' said the other, 'I will be here.'

And so bidding each other a cordial good night, they parted. The elder one, whose name was Edward Stafford, was a wealthy young Englishman, who, like many others with plenty of money and leisure, thought that Rome was the only place in the world to enjoy and thoroughly learn the fine arts, and accordingly came there for that purpose. If he had not attempted to excel in every thing, he might have stood a little higher than his fellow-men, which it was his main ambition to



do ; but while he was a dabbler in all the arts, from painting and music down to heraldry, he was a true student of none, and was rightly thought among his friends rather an ornamental than a useful man. This galled him, for although he used to argue, in order to hide his almost morbid love of praise, that 'All flesh is grass,' and that if one blade grows taller than the rest, all the little blades are instantly in commotion, and fall to cursing their father-reed and mother-dirt, because they too have not grown tall, and that therefore, in order to ensure the greatest amount of happiness to the mass, life ought to be like a well-mown lawn, presenting no inequalities to the eye ; still he knew in his own heart that one must, and ought to be, something or nothing. And he was right, for if we rest content with being acquainted with and imitating the master-pieces of art and science, there will be no more of them ; and let no man say, that because Raphael painted wonderful pictures, and Mozart composed wondrous music, we ought to be satisfied with their efforts, and therefore do nothing for ourselves ; for the only way to hasten the advent of that inevitable yet oft seemingly impossible 'perfection in all things,' is for us all to do our duty (which means to excel every one else) in the words of the Catechism, 'in that state of life to which it shall please God to call us.'

Soon after Stafford's arrival at Rome, he had been the means, at the expense of being severely wounded himself, of saving the life of young Giovanni Barberini from a gang of robbers in the vicinity of Rome. The gratitude of the boy and his family, which was one of the noblest of the city, knew no bounds, and having insisted upon his residing with them, he had, through their instrumentality, become acquainted with, 'loved and been loved by' Marie, the daughter of Count Riccoboni, who, although now an old man, seventy or eighty, had never learnt that there are things in this world which can never be learnt. Having wearied himself out, in spite of Maupertuis, by seeking to solve the 'Six Follies of Science,' he had now turned his attention to discovering the secret of using the ancient chromatic and enharmonic scales in music, and had studied Aristoxenes, Nichomachus, Plutarch, and many more of the classical writers on music, until he imagined that it would be possible to divide the modern semi-note into threes and fours, according to their theory. He had had made at the most celebrated manufactories a variety of instruments by which he attempted to demonstrate the practicability of his scheme, but the only result of his experiment was the bringing forth of such outlandish sounds, that the very cats upon the house-tops fled in terror. He had read in his favorite authors of the wonderful effects sometimes produced by music in their day, and finding the only modern instance of the kind to be the effect produced by Allegri's Miserere in the Sistine Chapel, he thought that the old maestro had learnt the secret of the ancient mode of music, and was therefore bent upon possessing a copy of the piece. There were only two copies of it, which were known to be extant beside that used in the Vatican, one belonging to the Emperor Leopold, the other to the King of Portugal. It was whispered that the famous Padre Martini possessed one, but no one dared to inquire concerning it, for 'excommunication for life' was the stern punishment to be inflicted upon any one convicted of pro-

curing a copy. These precautions would be deemed, and justly so, ridiculous and cruel, even among a people to whom music is rather a necessity than a luxury, and yet one who has heard the mysterious chant at Rome, or even on a gloomy Good-Friday afternoon in a country church of New-England, would be willing to pardon any man, pope or king, for wishing to reserve the use of it for their own gratification solely. Count Riccoboni had employed bribery, persuasion, and threats to no purpose, and was about putting his new hobby-horse back into the Augean stables of his brain, when he discovered the growing partiality of Stafford for his daughter. Knowing that whatever the English undertake they generally succeed in, when our hero asked him for the hand of Marie, he thought it was a good opportunity to make use of a new tool, and blandly acceded to his request, on condition that he should present him on the day of the marriage with a copy of the 'Miserere.' To this Edward readily consented, for knowing that Giovanni had, like many others of his class, entered the Pope's choir for the sake of training his voice, he relied upon getting access to the music through him, and as for dreading the consequences of such an act, there was too much northern obstinacy about him for that. Hitherto, however, as has been seen, they had done nothing, and as Stafford walked along that night to the palace of the Count, he was trying to think by what means he should shelter from the frightful punishment, if they were detected, his young accomplice, in whom he now felt an awakened interest, inasmuch as he was to peril life and limb for him, which being 'human nature,' as our inborn selfishness is called, needs no comment: we always like those friends best from whose friendship we derive most profit. But let us return to Giovanni, who stood looking over the balcony of the Scala Regia into the bright moon-light in which the towers and domes of the Eternal City so softly slept. And as he stood there, with the moon shining full on his glorious boyish beauty, no one who looked on him could blame Anacreon, Socrates, or any other of those old worthies for prizing the beauty of a boy above that of all other kinds, for in it not only is our present sense of pleasure in beauty gratified, but we have superadded to that the expectation of something better, the prescient feeling of the 'mysticum mysterium' of the future, which, after all, affords us greater enjoyment than any thing else in this life. His hair, of that yellowish-brown hue, always praised from the time of Virgil and Homer to that of Winckelmann and Walker, lay in silky waves upon his exquisitely-turned head, and in front was thrust back from a white brow, that ended in a nose that, sharply straight and magnificently formed, reminded one of the profile of the Angel Gabriel of Paul Delaroche. His bright blue eyes sparkled with fun, almost with sauciness, and yet there were deep places in them that showed intelligence, and let you look in upon the undefiled and incorruptible heart. The thin, haughty, mobile upper lip scarcely touched the almost voluptuously-full lower one, that rested upon a chin which, delicately moulded yet massive, bespoke firmness, resolution, and energy. 'Fourteen years old, virtuously inclined, beautiful in complexion, comely of stature,' as John Speed quaintly describes Etheldred the Unready, the young Roman boy need not have shunned comparison

with the 'Liparaean Hebrus' of Horace. At length, turning away, he walked slowly home, sober and thoughtful, for he, an inhabitant of the city, knew better than Stafford the risk they ran in thus defying the Pope's decree.

The next night, at the appointed time, Stafford knocked at the outer door of the chapel, when he was promptly admitted by Giovanni. The thieves — for what else shall we call them? — then crept on tip-toe over the bare floor of the ante-room, and after a little difficulty with the lock of the inner door, as there usually is with any church-door when you wish to open it quietly, they found themselves in the chapel. Quickly ascending to the choir, they soon discovered the half-dozen chests containing the music, and after opening one or two of them in vain, Edward, with a cry of joy, pulled out the long-coveted prize. Just as they were congratulating themselves and preparing to descend, horror! the door opened, and old Pietru, the conductor, walked in. Both gave themselves up for lost, and crouching behind the seats, prepared themselves for arrest, Giovanni by saying his prayers; Stafford, Englishman-like, by writing his will on his card and arranging sundry other little matters at home. Slowly the old man came on, while as each foot-step struck the ear, the listeners felt that another minute of life had departed from them. But what exultation revived them when, after coming to the choir, and as if from sheer force of habit, sitting for a moment in his chair, he returned to the body of the church without seeing them! Peeping from behind the screen, they saw him deposit his lantern in the aisle, and then open the gates of the altar-railing and that of the one running across the church. In the midst of their wonderment as to what he was about, he commenced 'marking off' the length of the chapel by the most prodigious strides. What with his bald and glistening head, bobbing up and down in the faint light of the lantern in a most peculiar manner, his arms performing a series of gymnastic exercises in order to assist the progress of his short legs, which were so stretched to their utmost tension that his gait assumed the appearance of that of a 'stifled' horse, the whole effect was so ludicrous that Giovanni could not control himself, but laughed outright. The old man heard him, and in an instant had given the alarm to the sentinels, who came rushing in from all parts of the Vatican. At the beginning of the *melée* Stafford had hidden himself behind one of the boxes, and Giovanni was just following his example when the foremost of the soldiers entered the choir. Finding the boy to be the only tenant of the place, they surrounded him; and upon his making no reply to their question as to what he was doing there, (which, alas! the boxes broken open, and the music lying in disordered heaps upon the floor, answered but too plainly,) they with a cruel blow struck him to the ground, and then carried him senseless to the Papal prison. After a few hours of confinement, an officer waited upon and informed him that, although from his being taken in the act of purloining the 'Miserere,' there was no doubt of his being worthy of excommunication, still, in consequence of his youth, his Holiness had decided that if he would acknowledge the purpose for which he desired it, or at whose instigation he had committed the act, he would mitigate the severity of the punishment.

When Giovanni answered that he would not betray his friend, the officer, as if expecting such a reply, beckoned to two men in the passage, and ordering them to follow him with the boy to the torture-room, led the way thither. It was a square, plain room; not a thing was allowed to break the uniformity of the bare white walls; for the inquisitors, with that subtlety in cruelty for which they were remarkable, knew what an alleviation of agony it is to watch the movements of any living thing, even though they be only those of a spider or a fly. They fastened him securely to a seat, and then put on the fearful, well-known 'iron boot.' Slowly the screw made closer the hellish embrace; now the cold iron touches the fair white flesh: another turn. O God! what horrid agony rushes over his whole frame—it has crushed a nerve! Tighter and tighter it grows, while great waves of anguish roll through his veins, and he sits with clenched hands and teeth gnashed together, vacantly wondering how many buttons there were in the aggregate on the garments of the two executioners; and striving in vain to count them, in order to take away his mind from the suffering. Soon the pain grew so intolerable that it broke down his self-command, and with sobs and piteous moans, he called: 'Mia Madre, Mia Madre!' my Mother, my Mother! the first cry of humanity, if they have ever known a mother's love; for unless we have been hardened in our hearts by the world—no matter how old we are—at the first coming of trouble we say to ourselves, 'Mother,' before we call even on HEAVEN. Even the torturers were moved by that fair young face, distorted with agony, and the eyes, fearful, imploring, yet desperate; like an animal surrounded with its enemies. Shriek after shriek rang through the low, small room, as he struggled with the cords that bound him; and the blood gushed from his mouth and ears, and his whole body assumed a livid tint, save where it was relieved by the swollen, purple veins, that seemed ready to burst at the finger-ends.

In the mean time, the Countess, Giovanni's mother, on finding that he did not return at the usual time from rehearsal, had sent all over the city for him, but no one had seen him. At length she heard that one of the choristers of the Sistine Chapel had been taken in the act of stealing some manuscript from the choir.

Although she felt that it was impossible that it could be Giovanni, she would leave no means untried to find him, and went to the Vatican. When she had stated her case to an officer, after consulting with a higher authority, he informed her that, 'although the Church acknowledged no one to have the power of demanding an interview with her prisoners, she might, during the day, be permitted to see the lad; and if he was her son, to take him away; as there could have been nothing more intended than a boyish frolic from one so high in station, and to whom the music would have been of no use; and, therefore, a night's confinement would be sufficient punishment.'

Hardly had the haughty lady drove from the door, before a message was dispatched to the torture-room, so to disguise the boy that he should not be recognized by his nearest friend. Thus Giovanni was only released from his place of torment to enter upon a still more terrible scene. After they had stripped him naked, they stained his skin with a dark-colored liquid, that made him resemble a native of Morocco

more than the fair Italian boy of yesterday. Then by an excruciating operation having completely changed his voice, they placed him, half-dying, half-delirious with pain, in the room appointed to receive visitors in. But in a moment what songs of joy and gladness the music of his mind began to sing? for he heard the well-known step of the horses, and recognized the voice of the old coachman; and in a few moments his mother stood before him. Scarcely glancing at the bleeding, squalid figure before her, the lady demanded to see the lad arrested the night before. Without a word, the officer pointed to Giovanni, who, bound by threats, and oaths extorted during torture, made no sign. Not dreaming for a moment, that her son and the one she saw could be the same, she turned toward the door; then, moved by pity, she turned back again — she started; there was something in the face she remembered. Gazing deep in each other's eyes, the spirit of the mother and the spirit of the son met for the last time in this world. Then Giovanni, mindless of all else, called her by name. The squeaking, unnatural voice broke the spell; and while he shrieked and screamed for her to stop, she went forth on her sad and endless search.

As the door closed upon his mother, the expression of Ugolino, in Fuseli's picture, came over the boy's face; horrible in its intensity in one so young. Then the light went out of his great beautiful eyes. He was dead!

PART SECOND.

'After busy labor comes victorious rest.' — THE BANNER OF HENRY V.  
*See Godwin's History: Book VI.*

It was a bright and pleasant morning in May, A.D. 1770, that the famous boy-musician of Germany entered Rome. Hardly waiting for his patient father to change his disordered travelling-dress, he hurried to the Sistine Chapel to hear the Miserere. Let us leave him there, and return to Stafford.

Finding that the box behind which he had ensconced himself was open, he without forethought jumped in; and one of the soldiers happening to strike the lid, it fell, and the lock sprung, thus effectually shutting out all sounds from without. After waiting for what to him seemed many hours, he cautiously cut a hole with his knife, and having listened, and hearing nothing, he cut away the wood around the lock, and scrambled out. No one was in the church; so hurrying out, he arrived home without being detected.

The next morning he heard of the arrest of the boy at the chapel, and was just proceeding to the Vatican, prepared to intimidate the government by threats concerning what the Earl of Chatham would do, if his request was not granted; and thus procure the freedom of Giovanni: forgetting, Englishman fashion, that the name of Pitt did not possess as much power at Rome as it did at London, when he met the Countess returning from the Palace, who told him of the ill-success of her quest, and of the visit to the prisoner. At first he could hardly credit her story, that the prisoner was not her son; but on reflecting that Giovanni might have brought a comrade with him, and that at all events, if it were he, his mother would have recognized him, he settled it with himself that the boy had escaped, and had retired from the city until the matter should have grown old in the minds of men. Having thus

dismissed it from his mind, he turned toward the home of Marie, and finding the Count, her father, alone in the library, he gave him a detailed account of all his attempts to procure the music for him, and of their utter failure. Stafford had never imagined even for a moment, that the non-appearance of the music would interfere with his engagement; and thought that the Count was in joke when he informed him that he must either fulfil his promise or resign his daughter. But finding that he was in earnest, he tried in every possible way to overcome his resolution. In the midst of his alternately pleading and using arguments strong enough to knock down an Aquinas, Marie entered. In an instant, with a woman's tact, comprehending the whole matter, she 'tried the pathetic;' and holding each other's hands, the lovers went down on their knees in the most approved sterling comedy manner. This last appeal producing no effect, the maiden arose, and said:

'Music or no music, I marry Edward this week.'

'What!' cried her father, boiling over with rage, 'how dare you, you hemi-demi-semi-quaver of human nature, trifle with my will?'

'Mamma!' screamed she, by way of answer.

At the sound of 'Mamma' the Count paled visibly; he was high and mighty by himself, but there was one higher and mightier in the house. This one was the Countess, his second wife, who was so engrossed with the duties (?) of a fashionable woman, that she seldom interfered in any matters beyond them; but when she extended her sense of duty, generally conquered, as she herself thought and said, by 'strength of mind;' but it might have been more truly termed strength of tongue. But the Count's energies were equal to the crisis; and, though with blanched lips and trembling tongue, he said: 'If the Countess interferes at all in this matter, tell her I will perform a *concerto* with my new instruments.' This was the great piece of the offensive armor that the Count possessed. In a former conflict with his wife he had come off victorious by the use of it; for finding that he was being defeated, he went to the music-hall, and having by an ingenious arrangement of wires and pulleys so placed his instruments, that by striking the notes of one he could play upon all, he then and there composed and performed what he termed a grand *concerto*; and sent forth such sounds, that all the members of the feline tribe residing in and about the house, thought that one of their number was in trouble, and repairing to the door of the room, there sent forth such yells of sympathetic agony that the whole neighborhood was aroused; and the fearful concert was only stopped by the yielding of the Countess.

Marie remembered the incident, and knowing that her fashionable step-mother would not be likely, for her sake, to subject herself to so disagreeable an ordeal, she was not surprised to hear her refuse to have aught to do with the matter, when she was informed of it. Thus deprived of all help from that quarter, the lovers counselled with themselves, and decided upon an elopement.

As Stafford walked home, arranging in his head his plan for the ensuing night, he was startled to hear the notes of the wished-for 'Miserere' sung *sotto voce* by a bright-complexioned boy, about fourteen years of age. In an instant he was alongside of him, and inquired how he procured the music. At first the boy regarded him with distrust, but



when he explained his motives for the question, he told him that he had caught it by ear.

‘Can you write it out?’ inquired our hero.

‘Oh! easily,’ was the reply; ‘and I will take it to-morrow, Good Friday, concealed in my hat, to the chapel, and correct it.’

‘I will meet you at the door when you come out,’ said Stafford, ‘and receive it.’

At the appointed hour he was there, and as he received the manuscript he said: ‘May I ask the name of one to whom I owe so great a boon?’

‘John Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart,’ replied the boy.

Stafford no longer wondered at the difficult musical feat, for he had heard of the celebrated child-artist, and having given him his address and promised to reward him, he hurried to the house of his inamorata.

In a few days, having first sent a handsome *douceur* to the Mozarts, father and son, they were married, and passed their time in quarrelling and being reconciled alternately, thus ‘getting through’ life as the generality of married people do.

In after-years, when the Countess Barberini was dead, and there was no danger of vengeance from so powerful a family, the story of Giovanni leaked out; but it made scarcely an impression upon their happiness: for, after all, the life or death of a boy, unless connected with them by family ties, or their own interest, is of but little consequence to adults; for beside the other cares and thoughts they have to occupy them, there is that jealousy which we all have, but which few will confess to, of those that are to succeed, perhaps excel us.

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#### THE REACH OF THOUGHT.

THE rain-drop that falls on a central wave  
Of the ocean's restless tide,  
Moves the billowy depths that forever rave  
Round each lonely rock, in each sounding cave,  
Embraced in its empire wide.

The arrow that's shot through the yielding air,  
The beat of the ground-bird's wing,  
Are felt where the cold polar ices glare,  
And where sun-shine warms the savannahs fair,  
That bloom in perpetual spring.

And the light of the faintest star that burns  
In its GOD-appointed place,  
Streams forth to the farthest globe that turns,  
Nor the lightest wandering atom spurns  
That floats through the depths of space.

So a thought, sent forth by an earnest soul,  
Sweeps the grander realm of mind:  
'Twill make itself felt through the sentient whole,  
As onward the waves of its influence roll,  
To brighten the hopes of mankind.

C. H. F.

## R E T R I B U T I O N .

BY SARAH I. C. WHITTLESEY.

## I.

I KNOW not why it is: I cannot tell  
 Why thoughts and feelings known in other years  
 Rush o'er me with a deep, impetuous swell,  
 Flooding my spirit-life with strangling tears.

## II.

Through many years, thy memory has come,  
 Like fitful flashes from a troubled dream,  
 And faded from me, as the twilight's hum  
 Dies slowly, sadly in the Night's dark stream.

## III.

But now, resistless, round my throbbing brain,  
 A mystic finger winds Thought's slender wire,  
 And turns it, powerless, to the Past again,  
 Where smouldereth our heart-hopes' funeral pyre.

## IV.

Our heart-hopes — thine and mine! How soon they died!  
 And ne'er will others bloom upon their grave:  
 The roses of our youth — divided wide,  
 And drooping singly toward DEATH's silent wave!

## V.

We loved! O what a world was in thy tone,  
 As, on thy breast, I heard the trembling vow:  
 We parted — death in life — alone, alone  
 We live: what is the past, the *future*, now?

## VI.

I've gone through long years since that last farewell,  
 And crushed the thoughts of early grief and pain:  
 I know not why it is: I cannot tell  
 Why those dead heart-hopes now will come again.

## VII.

I've heard full many a whispered vow since thine  
 Was breathed so lowly, in the years gone by,  
 Upon my blushing brow: no thrill from mine  
 E'er answered back: the spring was dry.

## VIII.

'Tis passing strange, the feeling-strife within,  
 That came unbidden, and *will not* depart:  
 The deep, resistless tide of what hath been,  
 That rushes, through the years, around my heart.

*Alexandria, (Virginia.)*

## P U N T A   D E   L O S   R E Y E S .

IN TWO PARTS: PART FIRST.

In the spring of 1853, allured by the extravagant prices of vegetables in San-Francisco, and 'induced by hunger and request of friends,' I joined a party who were about making an essay in farming. In a few days our arrangements were completed, and we found ourselves standing out between the heads in the villainous little schooner, 'Commerce,' made from a ship's long-boat; 'riz upon,' and destined for Punta de los Reyes, a prominent headland, which runs far out into the Pacific, about forty miles to the northward of San-Francisco. Our company consisted of my two friends: Mr. Nye, very agreeable and gentlemanly, but whose chief value on the present occasion was a modicum of agricultural lore, which distinguished him from the rest of the party; and Major de Laine, a warrior of dread renown, whose military experience, judging from his conversation, had been accumulating ever since the battle of Pharsalia. At any rate, his furious and unchristian expletives gave abundant evidence that he had been with the 'army in Flanders.' When he was in a passion, which was whenever he was awake, or when he was dreaming, he displayed a dry and petulant sort of humor; and he was distinguished for quoting school-boy Latin, and always meeting with comical mishaps and disasters. Then we had an aspiring and aspirating Cockney, a tremendously powerful fellow, who had formerly been a porter in 'Barclay and Perkins's immense brewery, and was generally known by the name of 'Tom Hyer'; with an Irishman, who had a fever, and who was so thorough an optimist that he pronounced it a 'favor'; and lastly, there were two intensely Yankee fishermen from Marblehead, and two 'Pikes.'

Our voyage was long and tedious, and our captain, from his utter indifference to the lapse of time, might have been one of the crew of the 'Half-Moon' herself. His name was Weeks, but before we had arrived at our promised land, we christened him 'Months.' On our way we were compelled, by stress of weather, to put into the little harbor of Bolinas, which was defended by a long and dangerous reef, and only remarkable for wrecks and wreckers. The Major and I took a walk into the country, and discovered an exquisite little stream, beautifully fringed with the graceful California laurel, and suggestive of trout.

'Well, Major,' said I, 'this is rather refreshing, after living so long in San-Francisco, with no trees visible but cross-trees.'

'Yes, it is well enough in its way; but it wants a bridge.'

We saw some very fine trout, and made an impromptu fishing-tackle with a pin and some twine, but were sorely at a loss for bait, although the Major upturned mountains of earth in his efforts to find some worms; and as a last resort, we tried some green peas, at which they rose readily, but strangely declined swallowing the tempting morsel. At this critical juncture appeared a man of dignified and gracious bearing, and most goodly presence, who accosted us in Spanish, and to whom we made known our dilemma. He immediately sent home one of his fol-

lowers for lines and beef, which he considered the only orthodox and legitimate style of bait. The old gentleman was right; the trout swallowed that species of refreshment, as he had predicted, *con mucho gusto*; and we soon had the pleasure of killing seventeen very respectable fish, which, by the way, formed a very seasonable addition to the *carte* of the 'Commerce.' The Major, of course, contrived to insert a hook deeply into his finger, at which he commenced a perfect tornado of oaths, in Spanish at first, out of deference to the new-comer, but he broke down signally before the vials of his wrath were half-poured out, and he was obliged to finish in the vernacular. We had some pleasant though rather laborious discourse, in a mixture of Spanish and English with our new friend, who was a landed proprietor, known to fame in those parts by the name of Don — something Carquillo. I may be excused for not remembering all the names, which were as long as the tail of a kite; but I recollect, among others, there were Jesus, Maria, and José; so that he comprised in himself a sort of holy family. He invited us to accompany him home, which we did with much pleasure, being somewhat curious to see the domestic arrangements of such a *magnifico*.

On approaching a native Californian residence, one is struck with the air of listlessness which pervades every thing; even the crows look pensive and languishing. The first thing visible is a perfect Golgotha formed by the *débris* of cattle, which are invariably slaughtered in front of the house in the most conspicuous place. The lawn is beautifully diversified with patches of raw hide, (*the sine qua non* upon a rancho,) staked out to dry, and there is generally a native cart in the fore-ground, the wheels of which are made of sections, sawed from the butt of a tree, and with holes nearly twice the diameter of the axle, which causes them to oscillate pleasantly, and if they are not sufficiently lubricated, to emit a soft and soothing melody. The house was a large one, of one story, built, of course, of 'adobes,' and white-washed. As it was an aristocratic mansion, it had a floor and glazed windows. We entered and beheld three damsels (there are always three in such cases) seated on the floor, with their 'continuations' mysteriously deposited somewhere out of sight. They were all rather pretty, with magnificent dark eyes and hair, and tolerably good figures; clad in the never-failing and graceful 'robosa,' and white dresses with innumerable flounces, by no means of immaculate purity, relieved by a gorgeous fringe of gold or silver lace. When they rose to welcome us, we discovered that they wore very pretty little shoes, but no stockings. We paid them some Grandisonian compliments, although somewhat concise, for our vocabulary was limited; and they in return, in the most flattering manner, offered us chairs, which are by no means common in such places; they are rather reserved for state occasions. They were engaged in sewing, in a very indolent, listless manner, but the enormous length of their stitches more than compensated their lack of energy. In fact, they got over more ground and made more flounces, 'their being, end, and aim,' than the most accomplished seamstress would have done. We saw their mother, chiefly remarkable for wrinkles, who bustled about intent on household affairs, with the care-worn and *mater dolorosa*

air befitting one who is constantly liable to culinary catastrophes and domestic disasters. The *madre* is always the only one upon a ranch who appears to have any thing to do.

The Don invited us to dinner, and we were regaled with that Californian staple—beef, fried in tallow, and scarcely any thing else. But the fascinating manner and exquisite courtesy of our noble host were worth more than a banquet of Lucullus ; and the Major and I agreed that he was decidedly the ‘first gentleman’ of California. These old *rancheros* are the very incarnation of pride. They are proud of their descent from undoubted *Hidalgos* ; proud of their long names ; proud of their pure Castilian, (which, by the way, they do n’t speak ;) proud of their deportment, which would put Mr. Turveydrop to the blush ; proud of their cattle and peons ; in short, proud of every thing but their Yankee sons-in-law, in whom, in truth, they have very little cause of exultation ; for they are very often unscrupulous adventurers, whose chief aim is to ‘realize’ upon the old man’s substance. They find themselves every year growing poorer, by reason of the ‘business talents’ of ‘Los Yankees.’

The señoritas partook of the repast with much apparent satisfaction ; and I saw them alternately inserting their ivory into a large onion, with ‘a grace beyond the reach of art.’

‘Alas ! for the romance of the dark-eyed Spanish maiden !’ said I, afterward to the Major ; ‘was it on such a diet that the glowing forms of sunny Andalusia, and the love-inspiring nymphs of the golden Tagus, were nourished ? Think you the maid of Saragossa ever dined upon beef fried in tallow, and raw onions ?’

‘No !’ replied he ; ‘she probably varied her bill of fare with frijoles and garlic.’

At last a gloomy vision of our dirty and pulcose schooner obtruded itself ; and we took leave of our new friends. The Don made us a very acceptable present of a huge piece of beef ; and insisted upon furnishing us with horses, and attending us to the ‘Commerce.’ He was accompanied, as a matter of course, by his large retinue of peons and *vagueras* ; so that we had a ‘tail’ which would have excited the envy of a Gaelic chieftain. We bade him a cordial adieu, and once more stood out into the Pacific ; and in process of time reached our destined port, late in the evening, just at the commencement of a south-east gale. We anchored under a frowning cliff, in the midst of a rapidly-rising sea, and violent rain ; and then debated among ourselves, whether it were nobler to bear those ills we have — that is, the certainty of sleeping in the rain, upon the deck of the ‘Commerce,’ (for she had a cabin just large enough to inclose the captain and his man, by dint of skilful packing ; and her hold was filled with our stores and implements,) or to fly to others that we knew not of : consisting of a *terra incognita*, of which we had only learned that there was some kind of a hut, built formerly by hunters. We finally determined to land ; and took literally ‘a leap in the dark,’ by being tumbled ashore in a boiling surf, at the mouth of a most Acheronian ‘gulch,’ sans every thing, except a dog, who had the good taste to leave the ‘Commerce,’ and who made a few parting canine remarks, in the shape of a prolonged howl of disgust and contempt. We climbed the steep bank in

the most intense darkness, stumbling over innumerable elk-horns, the trophies of our predecessors, and at last found the house, the door of which stood hospitably open. We entered, and a most delightful state of things presented itself. The house had been built of boards, placed at long distances apart, and covered with canvas, and might once have been very comfortable ; but at that time the canvas had all blown off, and for all habitable purposes it might as well have been a corn-crib with an open-work roof. The boards of the floor were so skilfully economized, that the apertures were precisely wide enough to let our feet through, and not quite wide enough to draw them out again ; so that it was a regular man-trap. In addition to its other charming features, there had been a land-slide under one side ; so that it now stood at the greatest angle at which a house can maintain itself.

In spite of these disadvantages, our *poco curante* party addressed themselves to sleep upon the inclined plane of the wet floor, lulled by 'the night-wind bewailing,' and that most magnificent of all music, the voice of the old Ocean in his wrath. In the morning we found, to our utter dismay, that the storm was still raging furiously ; and for three days and nights the rain continued without a moment's cessation, with the most fearful gale I ever experienced. Our situation was sufficiently gloomy ; for of course we were very wet, and without shelter ; and as it was in March, we suffered intensely with the cold. To add to our discomfort, we had nothing whatever to eat ; and the sea was running so high that all communication with the 'Commerce' was as impossible as if she were in Arcturus. We managed to keep up our spirits on the first day by telling our best stories, making weak and watery puns, and listening to the Major's blood-thirsty military romances, interspersed with very comical lamentations. 'Tom Hyer' had a very fine voice, and gave us some most dolorous ballads of the forty-verse species ; mostly descriptions of the various adventures of convicts. The two 'Pikes' went to sleep, very fortunately, for they were least disagreeable in that state ; while the gentlemen from Marblehead beguiled the rosy hours with a cheerful dissertation upon the comparative merits of codfish and mackerel. The day came to an end at last : we were excessively hungry, and disposed to cast longing glances at our poor dog, who returned them with interest. That night we were kept awake by cold and hunger, and began to form lively and well-defined impressions of a certain graminivorous beast, known to naturalists as the *elephant*. The next morning, as I lay listening to the storm, which seemed to have increased in fury, and naturally reluctant to leave my luxurious couch, an idea suddenly flashed across my mind ; and I was amazed and confounded at my intolerable stupidity in not having thought of it before. It was the work of a few moments to rush out and secure some of the largest fragments of the canvas that had adorned our roof, and cut out large letters like a stencil-plate ; the whole forming a concise inscription, or rather incision, as follows : 'Send — three — bottles — whiskey — bread — hammer — nails — barrel — head tight — overboard.' We waited patiently until Captain Weeks stuck his head out of his den to look at the weather, and then held up our canvas against the sky, so that it



was perfectly legible. The effect was soon apparent. Captain Weeks, with that noble generosity supposed to be innate in the breast of the Yankee Tar, sacrificed one of his water-casks, filled it as requested, and committed it to the deep; and in a short time we rescued it from the breakers, the Major narrowly escaping a watery grave in his wolfish eagerness. We were somewhat perplexed at first as to the means of getting at our treasure, but finally succeeded in starting the hoops with a large shell, and carried it into the mansion, where we proceeded to make a banquet worthy of the gods, washing it down with that species of nectar known as 'Monongahela.' Our next step was to tear up the boards of the floor and nail them upon the roof; and as this was not sufficient, we knocked off the lee-side of the house and applied it to the other three. By this means our situation was rendered much more comfortable, and our spirits began to revive. I must, however, except the Major, who was fast approaching a state of chronic despair. He thought of Jonah and his three '*Dies Irae*,' and rather envied him his comfortable lodgings. But perfect happiness is seldom the lot of mortals, and our felicity was somewhat alloyed by the necessity of sleeping on the wet ground, and a very reasonable apprehension of another landslide; in which case warriors, Pikes, house, and all would infallibly have been precipitated to the bottom of the ravine, where by this time there was a very respectable torrent. During the rest of that day and the one following, we were chiefly occupied in eating and drinking, and growing dry, and speculating as to the time it would require for the 'Commerce' to get ashore. She was dragging perceptibly every hour. I was amused by watching our dog, who felt the need of exercise, and with all the artless confidence of youth trotted gallantly out into the storm. But the moment he emerged from under the shelter of the house, he was taken fairly off his feet by a furious gust, and carried half-way down the bank. He came back a sadder and a wiser dog, with his self-respect completely gone; and for several days he possessed 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.'

On the fourth morning, when we awoke, we found a change indeed. It was perfectly calm, and the surf had subsided into a mere playful curl. The sun was shining as he only can shine in California, after a rain, and the air was filled with incense from the wild thyme and other fragrant herbs. Very delightful was the glorious transition from our miserable den into the pure and genial sunshine. The effect was electrical upon every one; even the Major was thawed, and softened into an admission that the sun was an excellent institution. Our first look was at the 'Commerce.' We found she was still afloat, although she had dragged within fifty feet of the rocks. Her boat was already ashore with a load of stores and a stove, which we set up *al fresco*; and after enjoying a bounteous repast, it was resolved unanimously to devote that day to the purpose of recuperation. I started upon an exploring expedition; and in the first place, made the agreeable discovery that all the water we had been drinking since we landed had filtered through a couple of dead bullocks, which lay in the ravine above us. I proceeded to the extreme end of the point, which rose in a perpendicular wall of rock, to the height of six hundred feet, and sat me

down to enjoy the magnificent view. The atmosphere was so exquisitely pure that distance seemed to be absolutely of no consequence, and every thing was revealed with a distinctness almost startling. Point Reyes is in shape not unlike the end of Cape Cod, curving inward at the extremity, and forming a beautiful bay, discovered by Sir Francis Drake, and still known as Drake's Bay. The end of the point was of trap formation, singularly contorted and dislocated, giving evidence of its birth in the very agony of Nature. There was little that was interesting in the land view; the point gradually expanded into level plains, destitute of foliage, like most of the coast of California; although upon the mountains in the far back-ground was visible an occasional grove of pines, or the superb 'red-wood.' On the outside there was a desolate beach, with low sand-hills, and three white lines of breakers extending as far as the eye could reach. The great charm of the prospect was in the magnificent expanse of ocean stretched out around me. The Pacific wore its most sunny and smiling aspect: there was an immense, long ground-swell, with a surface of glassy smoothness, and the contrast between the glittering summit of the seas, and the ever-shifting, cool green shadows of the hollows, was very effective. In one direction yet lingered a dense bank of fog. From my elevated position I could look down upon its level surface, the effect of which, in the sun-light, was exquisitely beautiful, like a lake of molten silver with rainbows floating in it. Far to the westward lay the small cluster of rocks known as the 'Faralleones,' over which, although twenty miles distant, I could distinctly see the surf breaking. The sea was studded with a fleet of vessels bound to San-Francisco; and I could occasionally see the spout or the 'flukes' of a whale. But every thing else was forgotten in regarding the terrific chaos of waters directly beneath me. The furious surges rushed madly on to destruction against the perpendicular wall with an appalling roar, and a force that shook the solid rock, dashing themselves into diamond-dust, which flew high into the air, flashing in the sun, and creating innumerable rainbows in its descent; while the smoke of their torment ascended forever. The screaming of myriads of sea-fowl swelled the mighty chorus, and the sea-lions lifted up their voice. In one spot the rock was inclined a little from the perpendicular, and the sea, as it broke against it, glanced upward in a body, descending again with a backward curl of infinite grace and beauty. There was a large arched rock off the end of the point, through which the sea was forced upward in a single jet to an immense height, forming a superb marine fountain. A savage reef extended for nearly half-a-mile, over which the breakers were dashing with every possible variety of form and motion. On the highest of the rocks immense numbers of sea-lions were basking in the sun. Occasionally some disorderly member of the community would create a disturbance, at which they all commenced a hideous bellowing, and at the same time a free fight, which lasted until they were all knocked overboard, when they would gravely begin their toilsome journey back again, only to repeat the performance. These marine gentry seemed to enjoy the glorious morning quite as fully as their betters. For my own part, I must confess I was perfectly torpid. After my long abstinence

I had made an enormous breakfast, and was in much the same condition as a gorged anaconda ; so I simply went to sleep in the long grass, with a confused dream of Arion coming ashore in the surf, bestriding two sea-lions, circus-wise, with a barrel of bread in one hand and a bottle of whiskey in the other.

In the afternoon, the Major and I took a walk along the inner shore, and found a magnificent beach, about four miles long, and at low tide nearly three hundred feet in breadth, perfectly level, and so hard that it was difficult to distinguish a horse's tracks. The surface was only varied by numerous fragments of wreck ; and three huge whales, which had been destroyed by the 'killers,' and drifted ashore. We found a prize of no small value, consisting of several cases of preserved meats, oysters, fruits, etc. We sat down, and devoured the contents of one of them with infinite delight, (the Major's countenance was perfectly radiant with joy,) and then crossed over to the outer shore, for the purpose of taking a bath. The surf had so far abated since morning that we could breast it with impunity, and we accordingly plunged in, and were speedily outside of the breakers. To my utter astonishment, the Major succeeded perfectly, without the slightest accident. I had expected to see him planted head downward in the sand, and was prepared to rescue him, and listen to a sweeping anathema against the whole Pacific, and creation generally. There was a strange sense of utter loneliness, and a feeling of sublimity — almost of awe — as we rode buoyantly over the long seas, which had perhaps been accumulating all the way from Japan. I expressed as much to my companion, who was wonderfully good-humored since we had found the preserves ; and, for once, he agreed with me, and manifested a great deal of pity for those narrow-minded individuals, who are satisfied with a bath in the contracted Atlantic. We returned to our humble abode, and finished the day by making a sort of side-hill table from fragments of wreck, around which we skilfully disposed our party, with the tallest men on the lowest side. That night we slept like Sybarites, upon real beds. The next morning we sent three men to the head-quarters of the *rancho*, about twelve miles distant, for oxen, which the proprietor had agreed to furnish. During their absence, we made a small yard or *corral*, fencing it with drift-wood from the beach, with a solid post at one side. At last our men returned with *vaqueras*, or cattle-drivers, to assist them ; bringing eighteen yoke of cattle, half of which were wild young steers, yoked for the first time, and the other half were *cabrestos*, or patriarchs of the herd, trained expressly for the purpose of keeping the fiery youths in order, and training them up in the way they should go. We yoked them alternately, so that each pair of wild cattle had one of the *cabrestos* before and another behind it, in order to keep them as near as possible in the path of rectitude. It is necessary in such cases, that the chains should be so long that the irreverent steers cannot conveniently kick the faces of their seniors. We attached them to the plough, and succeeded, after a severe struggle, in getting them into a line. The difficulty now was, to make them draw. Our party were utterly at a loss with cattle which ignored the shibboleth of 'Gee' and 'Haw,' and failed to respond to the names of 'Buck' and 'Bright'

Moreover, by an oversight, we had no whips, and were obliged to improvise something with which we could appeal to their feelings. The Major seized a horse's jaw-bone, which lay upon the ground, with the teeth in, which proved a most efficient 'ox-compeller,' although it contributed neither to their outward adornment, or inward delectation. 'Tom Hyer' sacrilegiously pulled up a fragment of an oar, which was placed as a grave-stone over one of the old hunters, buried near by; while the Pikes had already manufactured a Pike County whip, composed of a stick very much the shape of a hoe-handle, and a lash of braided raw-hide, twenty-five feet in length, and nearly an inch in diameter. In skilful hands this becomes a horrible instrument of torture, the lash taking out a strip of flesh at every blow. Mr. Nye grasped it, fired with a noble ambition, but he displayed much more ferocity than discretion; for the lash descended upon the devoted head of the Major, taking out the crown of his hat and eke his very small organ of veneration. He stood for a moment absolutely choking with rage, and then 'shot madly from his sphere,' with a volley of subterrene adjectives, which caused even the impassive old *cabrestos* to turn round and look at him. We told him that it was nothing but 'even-handed justice' for his cruel use of the jaw-bone, which by no means tended to allay his wrath. After uniting our energies in one last grand effort, we succeeded in making them move, although it was in every direction but the right one. Some would make a lateral jump, and others a perpendicular one; one contented himself with kicking, and another with sullenly lying down; some attempted to make a charge upon the drivers; and some retaliated by thrusting their horns into the cattle ahead: but none of them seemed to have the remotest idea of going straight forward. As a last resort, we tried the noble argument of twisting their tails; and accordingly each man addressed himself to this species of moral suasion, while the *vaqueros* made fast their *riatas*, or lassos, to the tails of the most refractory, passing them forward between their legs to the horses, thus taking them in tow. By this means we were only too successful; they broke into a furious gallop; and as California cattle are as rapid as lightning in their motions, it required no little agility to keep up with the plough, which instead of turning over the sod in its legitimate place, threw it eight or ten feet in a lateral direction. For a few moments we made admirable time. Very often the plough would be thrown out by 'tussocks,' or soap-root, and would take the ground again in the most unexpected places. But this state of things could not last; there was as little unanimity among them, as in a Tammany-Hall meeting, and they soon came to a stop, the team forming a large circle, with the leaders directly behind the plough-man, thus exposing him to an enemy in the rear, and rendering his position by no means a desirable one. The *cabrestos* were but little better than the others, for they were out of their sphere, and though gentle and tractable, they did not know precisely what to do. We managed by way of varying the scene, to kill one of the oxen. During some of their antics they contrived to get the 'bight' of a chain over the end of a yoke, and when the long team 'straightened out,' they brought it 'fore-and-aft,' instantly breaking the neck of the unfortunate beast.

His partner escaped a like fate by happening to be in a position at right angles with the line of the team. But this was of no consequence ; we wanted him for beef, and there were plenty more upon the ranch.

Our day's performance was by no means brilliant. We were excessively fatigued, and very glad when the night approached. Our labor was by no means ended, for there yet remained the very formidable operation of unyoking. The cabrestos were of course easily managed. We unhooked the chains from their yokes, having previously driven the whole team into the *corral*, thus leaving each yoke of wild cattle by itself. Two *vaqueros* then lassoed them, one by the horns and the other by the hind-legs. The horse, which was fast to the horns, then drew their heads close to the post, where they were firmly lashed ; while the other dragged their hind-legs from under them, and while they were thus *hors du combat*, we easily removed the yoke, taking care before they were set free to make each one fast to a *cabresto* by a stout thong of raw hide attached to their horns, which had a spike driven through the ends for the purpose. We now discovered the 'mission' of these Nestors of the herd. It was simply to give bail, or in other words, to enter into bonds for the appearance of their young friends in the morning. Were it not for this precaution, the frisky juveniles would fly to the uttermost parts of the ranch, disgusted with their first lesson in civilization. I was much amused in watching these *Arcades ambo*, and felt inclined to moralize upon the ill-assorted union. I could not help pitying the old patriarch, thus bound for better or worse to such a companion, for it certainly must have been a bore to be made a 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' in such a manner. He was, however, perfectly *nonchalant*, and like an artful wife, while apparently all compliance and submission, he managed to have his own way most effectually. He looked down upon the follies of his pupil with an air of calm superiority, occasionally when his ill-regulated mind led him into some extravagance, administering with his horn an admonitory and parental punch in the ribs. The fiery youth would get into a furious passion and attempt to retaliate, but he only wasted his time ; for his antagonist, after his long experience, cared very little for his artless attempts, and parried his thrusts with the utmost coolness. These *cabrestos* are sometimes so well trained that they will bring their partners up to the *corral* in the morning, *nolens volens*. We gave a glance at our field of operations, where the furrows looked like reporter's short-hand on a gigantic scale, or still more as if a battery of artillery had fired into the ground, and then went home somewhat dispirited.

The next day there was a decided improvement, and in a wonderfully short time our cattle were so well trained that we were enabled to work three ploughs, and to 'march into the bowels of the land,' at the rate of six acres per day. I found that driving oxen was one of the things I could not by any possibility learn. I could use our formidable whip with considerable dexterity, but the more I flogged them and talked Spanish to them, the more they would n't respect me ; so I gave it up in despair, and devoted my energies to holding the plough, at which I became very skilful, and covered myself with laurels and mud.

We occasionally introduced a fresh steer into the ranks ; but where we only had one at a time, they were easily managed. At one time

we had a peculiarly refractory one, who persisted in lying down in spite of our arguments. The rest of the team dragged him entirely round a 'land' a mile square, until at last, when one side of him was striped like a zebra by the lash, and the other looked very much in want of a bottle of hair invigorator, his bovine mind began to comprehend that the way of the transgressor is hard, and he decided to get up. He proved one of our most efficient cattle, and an ornament to society.

We felt very sensibly the want of a house, for our little den of ten feet square was by no means sufficient for our accommodation; and as we had plenty of tools, and thought we could find material upon the beach, I formed the bold design of building a *casa* suited to our requirements. The Major and another man were detailed to assist me, and we speedily erected a substantial frame of spars, and then made diligent search for something with which to cover it. Point Reyes extended so far out to sea, that every thing in the shape of waifs and strays was caught within the bay. About this time the steamers 'Tennessee' and 'S. S. Lewis' were lost not very far distant from us, and we looked eagerly for portions of the wreck. It was amusing to observe how soon the man is transformed into the wrecker in such cases. Our house presented a somewhat heterogeneous appearance, as may well be supposed. For instance, a very elegant satinwood door from a steamer's saloon might have been seen gracing the walls, in immediate proximity to a patch of raw hide, while the next course would perhaps be a slab of redwood. We found a large centre-board from some ill-fated coaster, which covered a considerable portion of one side. But our greatest prize was a superb piano-forte, which we found upon the beach, with the bottom broken out and the plate and strings gone. We immediately knocked it apart and transferred it to the sides of the house, while the legs which we found on another part of the beach, were useful and appropriate in making a frame for a grindstone. We found a fine American horse (drowned of course) attached to an excellent cart in perfect order, which had probably fallen overboard from the docks in San Francisco, and been carried out with the tide; and also a rocking-horse, which was of very little practical utility upon a cattle ranch. Among other things, there was a Hebrew Bible, part of the library of a clergyman, on its way from the States. If I recollect rightly, this was not very diligently perused by any one. Tom Hyer discovered what he called a 'merry-maid,' but which proved to be a very beautiful ship's figure-head, which we at once placed upon the house, in a niche so skillfully constructed that it was visible from the inside as well as the outside. We were enabled to furnish our house with several mattresses and pillows, and a number of wicker cradles. The latter we afterward used as feeding troughs for the cattle; a new method of cradling grain, of which we claim to be the sole inventors. We also found a ship's sky-light, which made us two admirable windows, with every thing but glass. At different times we collected boards enough to make a tolerable floor and a partition dividing the house into two apartments, so that we boasted a dormitory and a refectory. Our old abode was reserved for the purpose of storing grain. The house was finished at last; it was not exactly a 'palace of cold splendor,' but very cosy and comfortable. It was built upon a gentle eminence fronting toward



the bay, and the grand façade was very imposing. I must confess the style of architecture was a little peculiar; it would have broken the heart of Palladio, or Sir Christopher Wren; but I never could learn that either of those gentlemen were compelled to depend upon 'Flotsam and Jetsam' for their building materials. Mr. Nye was anxious to give it a name, and the Major perversely suggested 'Nihil.' But this was overruled as reflecting upon the architect; and we finally settled the difficulty by placing a magnificent pair of antlers upon the roof, and calling it 'Hornecastle.'

The 'Commerce' arrived soon after, and that was indeed a memorable day in our calendar; for she brought us a ministering angel, in the shape of a 'lady cook.' We fitted an apartment for her in a style of extraordinary magnificence, and thenceforth 'order reigned in Warsaw.' We now lived a very quiet, monotonous life, toiling early and late in ploughing and planting, and only holding brief communion with the outer world by means of vessels which occasionally anchored in the bay. The 'Commerce' arrived at long intervals, bringing us creature-comforts and from fifteen to thirty days' later news from San-Francisco. Our only neighbor was a 'squatter' and a Pike of the pikiest description. (There may possibly be, even among your readers, some untutored minds, who do not understand the meaning of the term 'Pike.' It is a household word in San-Francisco, originally applied to Missourians from Pike County, but afterwards used as a generic term to designate individuals presenting a happy compound of verdancy and ruffianism. Most of those hirsute specimens noted for dusty habiliments and conspicuous boot-legs, and known as returned Californians, are admitted to this favored class.) His wife was a beautiful little pocket-edition of a woman, with an exquisite native grace and refinement, forming a singular contrast with her brute of a husband. She could not read or write, but she could ride like a centaur, and she possessed an accomplishment of which few ladies can boast, that of swinging in the saddle and picking up any thing from the ground without dismounting. The Major, who fell desperately in love, pronounced her a '*Dea Certe*,' and waxed enthusiastic about her 'personal pulchritude.' It is difficult to say what would have been the result of this conjunction between Mars and Venus, if a strongly-worded hint from *il marito*, into whose obnubilated brain a dim suspicion had slowly burrowed its way, had not cooled his passion with a ludicrous rapidity.

At last a sad disaster befel us; the 'Commerce' was wrecked, and our communication cut off. We soon discovered the truth of the aphorism, that 'commerce and agriculture go hand in hand,' for our supplies were entirely exhausted, and for six weeks we had nothing whatever to eat, excepting beef. There was plenty of game around us, but unfortunately we were out of powder. We could get no fish for want of a boat, and our last resource was some clams, which we discovered on a sandy point about four miles up the bay. Accordingly, one morning the Major and I took our cart and a yoke of oxen, and soon arrived at the spot and commenced digging. The clams were of enormous size, and evinced, like Falstaff, 'an alacrity in sinking.' I had captured one previously, and knew something of their habits; so that I watched the

Major's proceedings with some curiosity. He began to dig with great fury, stopping occasionally to wipe his reeking brows, and to express his wonder that the clam could dig faster than himself. When he had nearly succeeded in burying himself, I ventured to inquire as to the chances of success. He deigned me no reply; but I heard the rumbling sound of his polyglot profanity as he pursued the monster of the deep, and at length he triumphantly threw out a clam a trifle smaller than a chair bottom. We gazed for a few moments at 'his fair round belly,' and then sat down to make a little calculation, by which we discovered that it was possible, by severe and untiring labor for ten hours, to dig seven clams. Of course the journey of eight miles was an extra affair. This did n't pay—decidedly. However, we succeeded in getting three more, and then turned our faces homeward. There was a large flat rock on the beach, outside of which it was necessary to pass. At that time, the tide being very high, the water was about a foot deep at the end of the rock, and as the day happened to be extremely sultry, the cattle, pleased with the grateful coolness of the element, started boldly out to sea, swimming like Newfoundland dogs. This was a state of things most decidedly unlooked-for. Neither the Major nor I had the slightest desire to be transformed into an impromptu Neptune and Company; but what was to be done? Our old remedy, twisting their tails, would not apply to the present crisis; it was obviously of no use to put a drag on the wheels, and we had nothing which we could use for an anchor. But we were equal to the occasion. Fired with a sudden inspiration, we each seized a mighty clam and swam out to the heads of our amphibious oxen. By dint of skilfully smiting them upon the nose we succeeded in turning them landward, and at length reached the shore with our rich argosy. We boiled those clams all the next day, we fried them, we roasted them, and we stewed them, and finally succeeded in reducing them to the consistency of gutta-percha. They were too much, even for the '*duræ illia messorum*;' for all comestible purposes we might as well have cooked a Pike County boot. With many a sigh we were compelled to throw them away, and had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the gulls also frustrated in their efforts to make a dinner. Disappointed in his hopes of a molluscan banquet, the Major affected indifference, and spoke contemptuously of the whole race of clams, which he affirmed to be, at their best estate, nothing but a cheap imitation of oysters. He declared that sooner than make another attempt, he would go and dine upon an old ship's back-stay which lay on the beach.

One night a steamer, bound up the coast, anchored in the bay, compelled to seek shelter from a furious north-wester. The Captain came ashore, and we tendered him the hospitalities of Point Reyes, that is to say, we invited him to climb a very steep bank, to take a seat upon a couple of vertebræ from a huge whale instead of a chair, and to partake of some beef, 'rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun,' and in return, begged of him powder and shot and all sorts of small stores, including a demijohn of something, which, to our great disappointment, proved not to be vinegar. At last they got the 'Commerce' afloat again, and we once more received our meat in due season.

## H O M E R U I N S .

## I.

A COLD November's gloomy day  
Looked out from earth and sky ;  
We went to see the loved old spot,  
My sister dear and I,  
Where once our father's house had stood,  
Where our young feet had trod  
When life seemed brighter than the flowers  
Upon the verdant sod.

## II.

A bleak north-eastern wind swept on  
From out its icy cave,  
As chilly as the winter's frost  
At mid-night on a grave :  
It cut me to the very heart,  
Through marrow and through bone,  
And found within, an atmosphere  
As sunless as its own.

## III.

For years had passed since I had stood  
With *her*, there side by side ;  
My gentle sister ! — when alone  
We met Misfortune's tide :  
And watched with loving hearts above  
A head with silvered hair,  
That lay in helpless feebleness  
Beneath our guardian care.

## IV.

Oh ! sad the change ! — the frost had left  
Its impress all around ;  
The frost of seasons, life, and time,  
On head, and heart, and ground !  
That silvered head had sunk to rest,  
Our own were whitened now :  
'Twas autumn in our memories,  
And autumn on each brow.

## V.

The stranger's foot had followed ours,  
The stranger's hand our own,  
The things we loved were there no more,  
The path with weeds o'ergrown :  
And from the acorns planted there  
By our young, ardent hands,  
One sturdy oak alone remained,  
Of all the stately bands.

## VI.

The willows we had planted, too,  
From hedge were cut away ;  
Wild juniper usurped the fields  
Of once sweet-scented hay :  
And where our father we had seen  
Through his fresh clover pass,  
The hungry cattle sought for food  
Among the withered grass.

## VII.

The fences all had disappeared,  
Weeds o'er the mantle waved ;  
Beneath the cellar's crumbling walls  
The hearth-stone lay in-graved :  
The cold winds whistled where had stood  
The hall, and swung the door,  
And dreary desolation frowned  
Where *Home* was found no more !

## VIII.

The bucket with its mossy mail,  
That hung above the well,  
Had passed like some sweet memory  
Before Time's blighting spell :  
The curb was gone ; the pearly draught  
Was changed to ooze at last,  
And frogs were croaking from its slime  
A requiem for the past.

## IX.

A little mound of cobble-stones,  
And sticks of rotting wood,  
Marked where the grove of choke-cherries  
In rustling beauty stood.  
All, all had passed ! — youth, friends, and home,  
Trees, shrubbery, and flowers :  
No souvenir of love remained  
To answer back to ours !

## X.

Old *Tiger's* voice had long been dumb,  
There were no songs of birds :  
We too, were silent, for our hearts  
Were far too full for words.  
Tears from my sister's azure eyes  
I saw unbidden start :  
They answered to the hidden ones  
Which lay upon my heart.

## XI.

We turned as from an ocean beach,  
Trod by our youth before,  
Whence every track the waves of life  
Had banished from the shore.  
We saw the changing sand, and heard  
The ocean's voice sublime,  
And stood amid the crumbling wrecks  
Of Youth, and Love, and Time !

## A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

*Home, Sweet Home — Farewell to Picton — A Ride by le Bras d'Or — Note and Query — The Rob-Roys of Cape Breton — Chapel-Island — St. Peter's — Enterprise — The Strait of Canseau — A Ride and a Bride — West-River — The Last Outpost of the Scotch Blue Noses — Jeangros — A Prisoner of the Foreign Legion — The Shubenacadie Chain — Dartmouth and the Hotel Waverley.*

FAITH the strings begin to pull, and I am glad to be at the end of the loop. Now, John Ormond, touch up the horses for a spanking ride toward home, sweet home !

Our Cape Breton stage is not like the mammoth musk-melons on wheels with which we are familiar. It is a cosy, two-seated vehicle, a quiet little rockaway, although a mail-coach, in which I am the only passenger.

Now for a ride beside the Bras d'Or, and a fig for the Mic-Macs and their leathery, birch-bark canoes. What is an aboriginal paddle to the brisk motion of these steeds,

'That blow the morning from their nosterils'?

A word for '*Notes and Queries*' : Is not le Bras d'Or the patronymic of Labrador ? Why not ? That mysterious, geological coast is only four days' sail from this place ? Labrador ! with its auks and puffins ; its seals and sea-tigers ; its whales and walrusses ? Why not an offshoot of le Bras d'Or, its earlier brother in the family of discovery ? Mr. Trench, that admirable professor of living English ; the best writer on the subject ; the clearest, cleverest, most profound, since Horne Tooke, asserts that 'Canada' has no patronymic ! But every body knows that the Spaniards, excited by the discoveries of the French in these boreal regions, followed after them in search of gold. And when they found no trace of the precious metal in the frozen soil, uttered '*Aca nada*,' nothing here ; and this afterward became a by-word, and grew from mouth to mouth to be the geographical name of the vast territory ? *Aca nada* for Canada ; and why not le Bras d'Or for Labrador ? Drive on, John Ormond ! we will leave etymology to the pedants and enjoy the scenery.

I was sorry to part from Picton, but then what a relief it is to be out of the reach of the cannie Scots ? Last night, during our pleasant evening chat, Picton happened to speak of the general system of banking in England, when a stranger, a chance visitor, a well-spoken, ceevil mon, gaed us a two-hours' discourse on the system of banking in Scotland ; wherein the superiority of the method adopted by his countrymen to wring the last drop of interest out of a shilling, was pertinaciously

and dogmatically argued, upon the great ground-work of 'the general and abstract preencepels of feenance !' Confound his pock-pits and high, Scotch-Presbyterian cheek-bones, what business had he to impose upon our good-nature with his thread-bare, abstract, preencepels ! Confound him, and the rest of the oat-eaters in these settlements, they have ruined a taste which I had acquired with much labor for Scottish poetry ; I shall never see 'Burns' Works' again without a sickening shudder.

But never mind ! Drive on, John Ormond ; we shall soon be among another race of Scotsmen, the bold Highlandmen of romance ; the McGregors, and McPhersons, the Camerons, Grahams, and McDonalds, and as a century or so does does not alter the old-country prejudices of the people in these settlements, we will no doubt find them in their pristine habiliments ; in plaids and spleuchens ; brogues and buckles ; hose and bonnets ; with claymore, dirk, and target ; the white cockade and eagle feather, so beautiful in the Waverley Novels.

We soon left the pretty village of Sydney behind us, and were not long in gaining the margin of the Bras d'Or. This great lake, or rather arm of the sea, is about one hundred miles in length by its shore road ; but so wide is it, and so indented by broad bays and deep coves, that it is said a coasting journey around it is equal in extent to a voyage across the Atlantic. Beside the distant mountains that rise proudly from the remote shores, there are many noble islands in its expanse, and forest-covered peninsulas, bordered with beaches of glittering white pebbles. But over all this wide landscape there broods a spirit of primeval solitude ; not a sail broke the loneliness of the scene until we had advanced far upon our day's journey. For strange as it may seem, the Golden Arm is a very useless piece of water in this part of the world ; highly favored as it is by nature, land-locked, deep enough for vessels of all burden, easy of access on the gulf side, free from fogs, and only separated from the ocean at its other end by a narrow strip of land, about three-quarters of a mile wide ; abounding in timber, coal, and gypsum, and valuable for its fisheries, especially in winter, the Bras d'Or is yet undeveloped for want of that element which seems to be alien to the Colonies, namely, *enterprise*.

If I had formed some romantic ideas concerning the new and strange people we found on the road we were now travelling, the Highlandmen, the Rob-Roys and Vich Ian Vohrs of Nova Scotia, those ideas were soon dissipated. It is true we saw the Celts in their wild settlements, but without bag-pipes or pistols, sporrans or philabegs ; there was not even a solitary thistle to charm the eye ; and as for oats, there were at least *two Scotchmen to one oat* in this garden of exotics. I have a reasonable amount of respect for a Highlandman in full costume ; but for a carrot-headed, freckled, high-cheeked animal in a round hat and breeches, that cannot utter a word of English, I have no sympathy. One fellow of this complexion, without a hat, trotted beside our coach for several miles, grunting forth his infernal Gaelic to John Ormond, with a hah ? to every answer of the driver, that was really painful. When he disappeared in the woods his red head went out like a torch. But we had scarcely gone by the first Highlandman when another



darted out upon us from a by-path, and again broke the sabbath of the woods and waters; and then another followed, so that the morning ride by the Bras d'Or was fringed with Gaelic. Now I have heard many languages in my time, and know how to appreciate the luxurious Greek, the stately Latin, the mellifluous Chinese, the epithetical Slavie, the soft Italian, the rich Castilian, the sprightly French, sonorous German, and good old English, but candor compels me to say, that I do not think much of the Gaelic. The sound of the Gaelic is a sort of cross-cut between that of a saw-mill and a dog-fight. It is not pleasing to the ear.

Yet it was a stately ride, that by the Bras d'Or, in one's own coach as it were, traversing such old historic ground. For the very name, and its associations, carry one back to the earliest discoveries in America, carry one back behind Plymouth Rock to the earlier French adventurers in this hemisphere; yes, almost to the times of Richard Crookback, for on the neighboring shores, as the English claim, Cabot first landed, and named the place *Prima Vista*, in the days of Henry the Seventh, the 'Richmond' of history and tragedy.

Well, well, it is a lovely ride by the white-pebbled beach, and the wide stretch of wave between this shore and that. Now we roll along amidst primeval trees, not the evergreens of the sea-coast, but familiar growths of maple, beech, birch; and larches, juniper or hackmatack, imperishable for ship craft. Now we cross bridges, over sparkling brooks, alive with trout and salmon, and most surprising of all, pregnant with *water-power*. 'Surprising,' because no motive-power can be presented to the eye of a citizen of the young republic without the corresponding thought of—why don't they use it? And why not, when Bras d'Or is so near, or the sea-coast either, and land at forty cents an acre, and trees as close set and as lofty as ever nature planted them? Of a certainty, there would be a thousand saw-mills screaming between this and Canseau if a drop of Yankee blood had ever fertilized this soil.

Well, well, perhaps it is well. But yet to ride through a hundred miles of denationalized, high-cheeked, red, or black-headed Highlandmen, with illustrious names, in breeches and round hats, without pistols or feathers, is a sorry sight. Not one of these MacGregors can earn more than five shillings a day, currency, as a laborer. Not a digger on our canals but can do better than that; and with the chance of *rising*. But here there seems to be no rise. The Colonial system provides that every settler shall have a grant of about one hundred and twenty acres, in fee, and free. What then? the Government fosters and protects him. It sends out annually choice stocks of cattle, at a nominal price; it establishes a tariff of duties on foreign goods, so low that the revenue derived therefrom is not sufficient to pay the salaries of its officers. What then? The colonist is only a parasite with all these advantages. He is not an integral part of a nation; a citizen responsible for his franchise. He is but a colonial Mic-Mac, or Scotch-Mac; a mere sub-thoughted, irresponsible exotic, in a governmental cold grapery. By the great fore-finger of Tom Jefferson, I would rather be a citizen of the United States than *own* all the five-shilling Blue Noses between Sydney and Canseau!

As we roll along, up-hill and down, a startling flash of sun-light bursts forth from the dewy morning clouds, and touches lake, island, and promontory, with inexpressible beauty. Stop, John Ormond, or drive slowly; let us enjoy *dolce far niente*. To hang now in our curricles upon this wooded hill-top, overlooking the clear surface of the lake, with leafy island and peninsula dotted in its depths, in all its native grace, without a touch or trace of hand-work, far or near, save and except a single spot of sail in the far-off, is holy and sublime. Stop, John Ormond; I have seen Dr. Bellows' church in New-York, but this wonderful scene is more impressive than that extensive and variegated structure.

And there we rested, reverentially impressed with the week-day sabbath. We lingered long and lovingly upon our woody promontory, our eyrie among the spruces of Cape Breton.

'CLEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,  
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing  
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake  
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.'

But the mail-coach must move on; the spirit of the age is progress; life is only a pied jockey on a racer; and not unaptly they say, when a man dies, 'his race is run.' Amen! Drive on, John Ormond.

Down-hill go horses and mail-coach, and we are lost in a vast avenue of twinkling birches. For miles we ride within breast-high hedges of sunny shrubs, until we reach another promontory, where Bras d'Or again breaks forth, with bay, island, white beach, peninsula, and sparkling cove. And before us, bowered in trees, lies Chapel-Island, the Mic-Mac Mecca, with its Catholic Church and consecrated ground. Here at certain seasons the red men come to worship the white CHRIST. Here the Western descendants of Ishmael pitch their bark tents, and swing their barbaric censers before the Asiatic-born REDEEMER. 'They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before HIM.' That gathering must be a touching sermon to the heart of faith!

But we roll onward, and now are again in the clearings, among the log-cabins of the Highlandmen. Although every settler has his governmental farm, yet nearly the whole of it is still in forest-land. A log-hut and cleared acre-lot, with Flora McIvors grubbing, hoeing, or chopping, while their idle lords and masters trot beside the mail-coach to get the news, are the only results of the home patronage. At last we come to a gentle declivity, a bridge lies below us, a wider brook; we cross over to find a cosy inn and rosy landlord on the other side; and John Ormond lays down the ribbons, after a sixty-mile drive, to say: 'This is St. Peter's.'

Now so far as the old-fashioned inns of New-Scotland are concerned, I must say they make me ashamed of our own. Soap, sand, and water do not cost so much as carpets, curtains, and fly-blown mirrors; but still, to the jaded traveller, they have a more attractive aspect. We sit, that is, all the passengers in the stage, before a snow-white table without a cloth, in the inn-parlor, kitchen, laundry, and dining-room, all in one, just over against the end of the lake; and enjoy a

rasher of bacon and eggs with as much gusto as if we were in the midst of a palace of fresco. Ornamental eating has become with us a species of gaudy, ostentatious vulgarity; and a dining-room a sort of fool's Paradise. I never think of the little simple meal at St. Peter's now, without tenderness and respect.

Here we change — driver, stage, and horses. Still I am the only passenger. The new whip is a Yankee from the State of Maine; a tall, black-eyed, taciturn fellow, with gold rings in his ears. Now we pass the narrow strip of land that divides Bras d'Or from the ocean. It is only three-quarters of a mile wide between water and water, and look at Enterprise digging it out! By the bronze statue of De Witt Clinton, if there are not three of the five-shilling Rob-Roys at work, with two shovels, a horse, and one dirt-cart!

As we approach Canseau the landscape becomes flat and uninteresting; but distant ranges of mountains rise up against the evening sky, and as we travel on toward their bases they attract the eye more and more. Ear-rings is not very communicative. He does not know the names of any of them. Does not know how high they are, but has heard say they are the highest mountains in Nova Scotia. 'Are those the mountains of Canseau?' Yes, them's them. So with renewed anticipations we passengers ride on toward the strait 'of unrivalled beauty,' that travellers say 'surpasses any thing in America.'

And, indeed, Canseau can have my feeble testimony in confirmation. It is a grand marine highway, having high hills on the Cape Breton Island side, and lofty mountains on the other shore; a full, broad, mile-wide space between them; and reaching from end to end, fifteen miles, from the Atlantic to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. As I took leave of Ear-rings, at Plaister Cove, and wrapped myself up in my cloak in the stern-sheets of the row-boat to cross the strait, the full Acadian moon, larger than any United States moon, rose out of her sea-fog, and touched mountain, height, and billow, with effulgence. It was a scene of Miltonic grandeur. After the ruined walls of Louisburgh, and the dark caverns of Sydney, comes Canseau, with its startling splendors! Truly this is a wonderful country.

Another night in a clean Nova-Scotian inn on the mountain-side, a deep sleep, and balmy awakening in the clear air. Yet some exceptions must be taken to the early sun in this latitude. To get up at two o'clock or four; to ride thirty or forty miles to breakfast, with a convalescent appetite, is painful. But yet, 'to him, who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language.' Admiration and convalescent hunger make a very good team in this beautiful country. You look out upon the unfathomable Gulf of St. Lawrence, and feel as if you were an unfathomable gulf yourself. You ride through lofty woods, with a tantalizing profusion of living edibles in your path; at every moment a cock-rabbit is saying his prayers before the horses; at every bosc and bole a squirrel stares at you with unwinking eyes, and Robin Yellow-bill hops, runs, and flies before the coach within reach of the driver's whip, *sans peur*! And this too is the land of Moose and Cariboo: here the hunters, on snow-

shoes, track the huge animals in the season ; and Moose and Cariboo, in the Halifax markets, are cheaper than beef with us. And to think this place is only a four days' journey from the metropolis, in the languid winter ! By the ashes of Nimrod, I will launch myself on a pair of snow-shoes, and shoot a Moose in the snow before I am twelve months older, as sure as these ponies carry us to breakfast !

'How far are we from breakfast, driver ?'

'Twenty miles,' quoth Jehu.

Now I had been anxious to get a sight of our ponies, for the sake of estimating their speed and endurance ; but at this time they were not in sight. For the coach we (three passengers) were in, was built like an omnibus-sleigh on wheels, with a high seat and 'dasher' in front, so that we could not see what it was that drew our ark, and therefore I climbed up in the driver's perch to overlook our motors. There were four of them ; little, shaggy, black ponies, with bunchy manes and fetlocks, not much larger than one-month calves. Yet they swept us along the road as rapidly as if they were full-sized horses, up-hill and down, without visible signs of fatigue. And now we passed through another French settlement, 'Tracadie,' and again the Norman kirtle and petticoat of the pastoral, black-eyed Evangelines hove in sight, and passed like a day-dream. And now we are in an English settlement, where we enjoy a substantial breakfast, and then ride through the primeval woods, with an occasional glimpse of the broad Gulf and its mountain scenery, until we come upon a pretty inland village, by name Antigonish.

And here, at our inn, we find a bridal party, and the pretty English landlady offers us wine and cake with hospitable welcome ; and a jovial time of it we have until we are summoned, by crack of whip, to ride over to West-River.

I must say that the natural prejudices we have against Nova Scotia are ill-placed, unjust, and groundless. The country itself is the great redeeming feature of the province, and a very large portion of it is uninfested by Scotchmen. Take for instance the road we are now travelling. For hours we bowl along a smooth turnpike, in the midst of a deep forest : although scarce a week has elapsed since these gigantic trees were leafless, yet the foliage has sprung forth as it were with a touch, and now the canopy of leaves about us, and overhead, is so dense as scarcely to afford a twinkle of light from the sun. Sometimes we ride by startling precipices and winding streams ; sometimes overlook an English settlement, with its rolling pasture-lands, bare of trees and rich in verdure. At last we approach the precincts of Northumberland Strait, and are cleverly carried into New-Glasgow. It is fast-day, and the shops are closed in Sabbath stillness ; but on the signboards of the village one reads the historic names of 'Ross' and 'Cameron ;' and 'Graham,' 'McGregor' and 'McDonald.' What a pleasant thing it must be to live in that village ! Here too I saw for the first time in the province a thistle ! But it was a silver-plated one, in the blue bonnet of a 'pothecary's boy.' A metallic effigy of the ORIGINAL PLANT, that had bloomed some generations ago in native

land. There was poetry in it, however, even on the brow of an incipient apothecary.

When we had put New-Glasgow behind us, we felt relieved, and rode along the marshes on the border of the strait that divides the Province from Prince Edward's Island, named in honor of his graceless highness the Duke of Kent; Edward, father of our Queen Victoria. Thence we came forth upon higher ground; the coal-mines of Pictou, and here is the great Pictou rail-way, six miles in length, from the mines to the town. Then by rolling hill and dale we come down to West-River, where John Frazer keeps the Twelve-Mile House. This inn is clean and commodious; only twelve miles from Pictou; and, reader, I would advise you, as twelve miles is but a short distance, to go to Pictou without stopping at West-River. If, however, you are a philosopher, as I am, and superior to petty annoyances; if you can brush your own boots, fill your own water-pitcher, and call yourself in the morning for the early stage; if you can submit to be peremptorily dunned for your bill before you get fairly into the house; expect to get nothing but what you have paid for beforehand; and then receive your little quota with humble thankfulness; if you can enjoy surly impertinence, go to West-River.

We left this last outpost of the Scotch settlements with regret. After all, there is a secret feeling of joy in contrasting one's self with such wretched, penurious, mis-made specimens of the human animal. And from this time henceforth I shall learn to prize my own language, and not be carried away by any catch-penny Scotch synonyms, such as the *lift* for the sky, and the *gloamin* for twilight. And as for *poortith could*, and *paiky chiel*, I leave them to those who can appreciate them:

‘FAREWELL, farewell, beggarly Scotland,  
Cold and beggarly poor countrie;  
If ever I cross thy border again,  
The muckle deil maun carry me.’

So we came down to Truro, at the head of the Basin of Minas. And here I gained a seat on the stage-box, beside Jeangros, a French Canuck, one of the best whips in the province. Jeangros is a capital little driver, not a great, portly fellow, as his name would indicate, but a spare, small man; nevertheless, with an air of undaunted courage, as we had an opportunity of verifying before we reached Halifax. Jeangros touched up the leaders, and off we trotted from Truro into the pleasant road that leads to Halifax. It was at Truro that I saw some cedars; the first I had met with in the province. They were planted out in the court-yards of the town, as ornamental trees; just as we plant larches and spruces at home.

‘If they are sheltered,’ said Jeangros, ‘they do very well, but our winters are almost too cold for them.’

So we go! at home we plant spruces and export cedars. I have already ridden through hundreds of miles of larch and spruce, that put to shame our domestic Edens; and here in Truro, I find the neglected cedar introduced into polite society, and our ornamental evergreens grubbed up and cast aside. But such is life.

And now by the Shubenacadie chain of lakes, we come again to our

starting point — Halifax. As we ride along, we are hailed by a tall police-officer, with a cocked pistol in either hand, and, 'I say, stop the stage!'

'What d'ye want?' quoth Jeangros, drawing up by the road-side.

'Government prisoner,' said the man with the cocked pistols.

'What the devil is government prisoner to me?' quoth Jeangros.

'I want to take him to Dartmouth,' said the tall policeman.

'Then take him there,' said our jolly driver, shaking up the leaders.

'Hold up,' shouted out the tall policeman, 'I will pay his fare.'

'Why did n't you say so, then?' replied Jeangros, full of the dignity of his position as driver of H. B. M. Mail-coach, before whose tin horn every thing must get out of the way.

So the man with the cocked pistols and his prisoner in leather hand-cuffs climbed up on the stage. There was a doubt which was the drunkenest, the officer or prisoner. We found out afterward, that the officer had conciliated his captive with drink, partly to keep him friendly in case of an attempted rescue, and partly to get him in such a state, that running away would be impracticable. And indeed there would have been a great race if the prisoner had attempted to escape. The prisoner too drunk to run away, and the officer too drunk to pursue.

The unfortunate captive and the officer were perched upon the top of the stage, among the luggage. We had scarcely got under way when one of the passengers shouted out: 'I say, uncock those pistols, will you?'

To this the policeman replied in the sweet dialect of Erin, 'That he'd be damned if he wad; for his prisoner might escape, or be rescued.'

At this there was a fierce altercation; on the one side, the passengers on the box protesting against riding in front of the muzzles of the policeman's 'barkers,' that were lying cocked on the roof of the stage; and on the other, by the officer, who had made good his position, and was disposed to maintain it, *vi et armis*! And quite unexpectedly the officer was fortified by an ally. The captive, who was a broth of a boy from the Green Island also, took up the quarrel, and offered to fight any body on the stage in defence of his friend, the officer's rights. It was a curious spectacle, the prisoner ready to do battle for the pistols that were loaded and cocked to shoot him! But has not Paddy made such blunders before? All at once Jeangros rose to his feet and said in a voice as clear and sharp through the tumult as an electric flash through a storm: 'UNCOCK THOSE PISTOLS, OR I'LL THROW YOU FROM THE TOP OF THE STAGE.'

There was a pause instantly, and we heard the sharp click of the cocks as the officer obeyed the little driver. It had a wonderful power of command, that sharp, clear voice — brief, decisive, authoritative.

It was not long, however, before the gentleman in the leather bracelets became noisy and abusive again; and we soon discovered that he was a historical personage, one of Crampton's jail-birds, a member of the far-famed Foreign Legion! This is quite interesting; to ride with a person that had played a part in the national drama, and interrupted the diplomatic relations of two powerful countries. Here he was, a prisoner in the claws of the British lion: that very engaging animal



had enticed him away, and now was about to dispose of him for life. It appears that when the recruits for the Crimea had been picked up in the streets and alleys of Columbia, and carried at an enormous expense to Halifax, they were engaged in the United States, so as not to invade the neutrality laws, as laborers, to work on the rail-road in Nova Scotia. This of course was only a cover, the real object being glory and the Malakoff. Many of these recruits were Irishmen, and of course not destitute of the mother-wit of the race. So when they were gathered in a body at the Province Building, and Sir John Gaspard le Marchant came down to review his levies, he entered into the work with great spirit and cheerfulness: 'Well, my men,' said he, 'you have come to enlist, eh, and serve her Majesty?'

'No,' said one of the boys, who had been appointed spokesman for the party; 'no, Sir, we did n't come to 'list at *all*, but' — with the devil's own slyness lurking in the corner of his eye — 'we came to wurruk on the rail-road.'

Sir John Gaspard saw at once the thing was up, and politely told them that they might all go to Dante's Inferno.

Now it happened, while the peace of the world was in danger, on account of these vagabonds, that they were engaging themselves in gangs to build the great road, of which mention has been made heretofore, and were so employed for a time. On one piece of the road the ordinary five-shilling Highlanders were at work, and the new levies were placed upon another portion, some miles off — both gangs of men working toward each other. At last they came in contact, and the consequence was, a Scotch-and-Irish fight. Several of the natives were left for dead on the field of battle; and rewards of ten pounds a piece were posted up for various numbers of the Foreign Legion, by Sir John Gaspard. Our fellow-traveller was one of the ring-leaders in the riot, and would probably be an expense to government as long as he lived.

I could not help feeling thankful to Mr. Crampton for ridding us of such rascals; a more villainous face I never saw than that of our fellow-passenger. As we stopped at a road-side inn to change horses, the officer handed him a glass of brandy, to keep him in good spirits. The prisoner rose up, his wrists had been freed from the leather gyves, and lifting the glass high in the air, shouted out with the exultation of a fiend:

'Here's to the hinges of liberty — may they never want oil,  
Nor an Orange-man's bones in a pot for to boil.'

And now we ride by the Shubenacadie chain of fresh-water lakes, and the eye never tires of these lovely features of Acadia. I must declare that, taken all in all, the scenery of the province is surpassingly beautiful. As you ride by these sparkling waters, through the bowery woods, there is a feeling as if you would like to pitch your tent, and camp out here, at least for the summer. At last, at night-fall we ride into Dartmouth, and see across the harbor the twinkling lights of dear, old, mouldy Halifax. We cross the ferry, and once more are at our former quarters in the Hotel Waverley.

## W I L H E L M , M I N E .

THROUGH a lone, dark, loveless way,  
Where my hopes encoffined lay,  
And my life stretched bare and gray,  
WILHELM, mine :

I at last have come to thee ;  
Come to find thy love for me,  
WILHELM, mine !

I was sinking, faint with wo,  
When from thy heart's loving flow  
Life to mine returned a-glow,  
WILHELM, mine.

Can e'en DEATH be cold to me  
Since I've felt this warmth from thee,  
WILHELM, mine ?

Desert sands did not impede ;  
Night nor danger check thy speed :  
Sure thy strength for my great need,  
WILHELM, mine.

But as time hides me from thee,  
Will thy love still cling to me,  
WILHELM, mine ?

To a pleasant land to see  
Thy dear arms have carried me ;  
Laid me 'neath a fruitful tree,  
WILHELM, mine :

But thou canst not stay with me,  
Only DEATH can give me thee,  
WILHELM, mine !

Church-yard trees will o'er thee sweep  
Many autumns, ere I sleep  
By thy side, in grave so deep,  
WILHELM, mine !

But I'll e'er be true to thee ;  
Thou shalt see no stain in me,  
WILHELM, mine.

I am waiting for the time  
When in some far spirit-clime  
My glad soul shall soar with thine,  
WILHELM, mine.

Will that day be sweet to thee ?  
Will thy spirit welcome me,  
WILHELM, mine ?

When my soul from earth's unbound,  
I'll not rest till thee I've found ;  
Lowest depths my wing will sound,  
WILHELM, mine.

If thou canst not rise to me,  
I will sure descend to thee,  
WILHELM, mine !

S. G. H.

## A V E R I T A B L E G H O S T .

—  
'SPEAK! speak, thou fearful guest:  
Why dost thou haunt me?'  
—

THERE is a quaint old tradition, one of the ghostly and supernatural order, which comes down to us from ancient times, tottering under its load of age, and replete with the superstitions of the past. Possessing sufficient of the characteristics of the genuine ghost-story to charm the excited fancy, and chain the willing credulity of the believer in the marvellous, it lays also some claim to the credence even of the skeptic. Other spectral tales verge too closely upon the improbable; we listen to their recital with doubt, and scout at their credibility; but this tradition commends itself so irresistibly to our belief, that we question not its truth, and find our skepticism regarding other ghosts shaken by the firmness of our faith in this indisputable one.

Far in the north of England, in a quiet ancient city, dating its foundation far back, to times previous to the Danish irruptions, and rich in those architectural relics of the olden time which are ever so dear to the antiquary, there stood, in a retired locality, a stout old castle, or tower, among a brotherhood of contemporary structures, large and small, some inhabitable and some in ruins, and looming up among them, like a patriarch among his flock, or a general in the midst of his staff. Here, in the sixteenth century, there met weekly, in a capacious and well-furnished turret-chamber, a jolly set of fellows, than whom the whole town, ay, even the whole broad shire, could not produce a jollier, who styled themselves the '*King's Own Club*.' They were an old institution: even the gray-haired citizens could not remember the time when this Club had not been considered venerable. So ancient was it, that its origin was involved in obscurity; but it was maintained traditionally by the members that it was founded by no less a personage than the good King Henry Beauclerc, who gave it its name; and that the

'Dark carved oaken chair'

which was the President's seat, was a gift from him, and had been graced by his royal presence, when organizing the Club. This tale of its origin was the secret of its vitality: with such a tradition to secure the devotion of the members, bind them together, and gratify their ambition as a body, no wonder that the Club lived and thrived through centuries, holding its head up proudly among contemporary institutions. Even the pleasing traditions preserved in the inimitable verse of Scott, of the nuns of Whitby's Isle, and of St. Cuthbert's Holy Daughters, which were so potent in securing the devotion of their respective believers, paled into insignificance compared with this one of the King's Own Club. Each successive repetition bound them more firmly together: and the amateur member who heard it for the first time was

lost in wonder and astonishment at the condescension displayed by the good King Henry, in deigning to convene the honest burghers of the town, and organize them in person ; and so firmly did the tale fasten upon his imagination and belief, that he thanked his stars for his good fortune in living in that city, and having a membership in that Club.

But this was not all of the tradition : it had other claims upon the willing fancy and the steadfast devotion of the members. They who recollect the literary tastes of the King, as evinced in his surname of Beauclerc, or the Excellent Scholar, will be prepared to believe, with his disciples of this Club, that he founded it in one of his scholastic fits, as a literary institution, and considered it therefore as under his especial care ; that he confided to it that modified combination of the Saxon and Norman tongues, which, from its having been introduced by him, has ever since been reverently termed *the King's English* : and that, instructed by him in the new language, they carefully preserved it for many years, till its introduction into general use. Distinguished thus by an honorary mark of his especial confidence, the memory of this excellent and scholarly sovereign was ever kept green in the hearts of the members of the Club : so that, although after having performed their duties as a literary association for some time with commendable zeal, they fell, from the nature of the times, and the influence of surrounding events, into ways and actions which would have displeased their founder, yet they after a season would return, moved by their duty toward him, into the good old path. Bits of the original leaven thus continued to save them time after time ; until finally, successive stages of relapse and recovery seemed to establish for them a regular series of exercises, changing by decades of years. Now would they devote themselves for a time entirely to wassail and revelry : now would they revert to wilder acts, and scour the adjacent country under cover of the night, committing nameless deeds of mischief and devilry : then would they inaugurate a milder form of amusement and hilarity, and

‘The feast of reason and the flow of soul’

produced such keen wit, and so many cutting jokes, that a Joe Miller would have died of envy. Finally would ensue a long period of literary matters, and the members would vie in endeavoring to retrieve the character of the Club : when such tomes of political, religious, and controversial essays, serious and humorous poems, biographies, histories and romances, and even occasional dramas, would accumulate in the closets of that old turret, as had never been seen or heard of throughout the realm.

In one of these seasons of Literary Réaction, when the members were particularly zealous and forward in the path marked out for them by the Beauclerc ; when in consequence of their friendly emulation in devotion to the muses, the Club listened each evening to a choice variety of literary papers, read by their authors, an event happened which made this period the most marked and prominent one in the history of the Club. Their presiding officer turned one evening as usual to assume his seat, when to his surprise and horror he saw seated there a ghastly spectral figure, clad in sepulchral robes, and apparently fresh from the

tomb. Hushed immediately to the stillness of death was the whole Club ; the members left their comfortable position by the glowing fire, and dispersed to seats around the hall ; even the President arrested his footsteps, and meekly took a seat with them ; and a look of horror, of vague, undefined fear, and of anxious inquiry was visible upon every face. Yet the exercises went on ; for the Ghost, their self-constituted President, seemingly understanding the affairs of the Club as well as those best versed in them, proceeded in regular order to call upon the members for their literary effusions. His horrid aspect chilling the blood in the veins, his air of command, and the keen, cutting glance from that fleshless face, frightened into submission ; they dared not decline ; and he, the Spectre, listened with evident interest. But though he paid strict attention, and oftentimes smiled a ghostly approval of some of their productions, yet oftener, far oftener, as some member was reading, would he fix upon him a fierce, ghastly look, as if he would rivet him with his gaze ; and the unfortunate member who was thus marked by his displeasure, though not daring to glance up, felt those terrific, burning eyes fixed intently upon him, and dropping the paper from his palsied fingers, would sink into his seat, quaking with fright ; and the chilly sensation of fear and awe cast over the whole Club by such a proceeding, would be but heightened by the spectral and unearthly tones of the shadowy President, as he called upon another member.

Another evening saw the same scene repeated, and another and another ; until finally the mysterious President was a fixed fact. And though but a frightful and repulsive guest, there was yet a fascination about him which drew the members thither irresistibly ; nor when appointed by him to any literary task, did they dare disobey ; but prompted by an inexplicable impulse, came forth only to be thus put down. Thus passed the winter ; not a member was there in the Club but had passed through that dreadful ordeal, and felt the mighty wrath of the Spectre ; and the King's Own Club, already well known in the north of England as a Literary Society, became now a by-word as the Haunted Club. Finally the fame of the spectral President reached London, and back from the metropolis came an absent member to investigate the matter. A tall, stalwart man, still young and vigorous, he had ever been their champion, and would be a fitting champion now to relieve them from the dreadful mystery : since being as yet unthralled by the Spectre, he could act boldly and fearlessly.

He accepted the task. The members once more assembled ; filled with anxiety and forebodings for the result, they stood quaking under the dreadful looks of the Ghost, when into the room marched their fearless and redoubtable champion. He felt none of their awe ; subjected to none of the diabolical spells of the intruder, his action was prompt and decided. He stepped up boldly, and confronted the spectral President with folded arms :

'What art thou ?' said he, 'Man or shade ? And if apparition, why dost thou haunt this inoffensive Club ?'

'Mortals !' shouted the Ghost ; and as his terrific tones resounded through the hall, extinguished were all the lights, the members sank

breathless to their seats, and even the bold champion fell upon his knees; 'Mortals! do you not know me? Confided to your especial care and protection, even you, the *King's Own Club*, have here been traitorously murdering me for the last four centuries! Is it not so? Ask the piles of papers which fill yonder closets, and their testimony shall convict you! *Why* do I haunt you? I am the GHOST OF THE KING'S ENGLISH!!'

HERE ends the known history of the *King's Own Club*; and who can doubt the truth of the tale? Does it not commend itself especially to our belief? And can reflection and consideration but serve to confirm our first impressions, and convince us, in spite of our doubts regarding spectres, of the authenticity of this Ghost, the probability, ay, even the certainty of the tale of his errand to the Haunted Club, and the justice of his cause?

Why should not the Ghost of a murdered language, slain by those who should have been its especial protectors, haunt the scene of its murder? If there be any foundation for the superstitious ghost-stories, which have in all ages been so prevalent, and had so many believers, (and is not the universality of this belief an argument in its favor?) then are there far better reasons for believing this one. If the ghost of a murdered man shall ever rise to confront his murderer, and awaken in him the pangs of conscience; if the evidence of an Oliver Wendell Holmes be accepted to the fact that a pig shall rest uneasy in his grave till he can wreak his vengeance on his cruel and blood-thirsty butcher; then in the name of all the ghosts at once, why expect the *King's English* to sleep peacefully in its bloody grave, nor ever arise to excite despair and horror in the breasts of its cruel murderers? Nay, consider the heinousness, the deep-dyed, sanguinary character of this murder. A *man* can suffer but once at the hand of man, and his ghost can have but one murder to avenge. A *cat* has nine lives, and consequently nine deaths — but only nine — and its ghost can have but nine murders to call it forth. But the *KING'S ENGLISH*! The deaths it already has suffered are countless; its murderers are Legion. Wherever the language is spoken — and poets have vied in chronicleing in verse the universality of the Anglo-Saxon tongue — in whatever clime, under whatever sun, there are to be found the murderers of the *King's English*: there still goes on the bloody conjugation mentioned by Carlyle: 'I kill, thou killest, he kills; we kill, ye or you kill, they kill!' If then a man's ghost shall rise for one murder, and a cat's for nine, ask not the Ghost of the *King's English*, with its innumerable murderers, to rest quietly in its grave!

Consider, too, the magnitude of even one offence. To shed human blood is a great, a capital crime; but to shed the blood of a king, or of a person of royal birth, is the highest of all crimes. England had her regicides; and they were held in such execration that their lives were well-nigh worthless, and they were obliged to flee to America. Those, too, who have imbrued their hands in the blood of princes and princesses; is not their offense exalted in the scale of crime far above the



murder of a commoner? What then shall we say of him who murders the *King's English* — offspring of his own brain — darling of his mind and heart? Shall we not rank him next to the regicide, even among the prince-slayers?

Eminently proper was it that the Ghost should appear first to those most culpable wretches, the members of the King's Own Club, who from their favored position as well as their duty should have been its champions and avengers, but who were nevertheless its earliest known murderers. But since then the visitations of the Ghost have been more frequent and general. Its assassins have been everywhere confronted by it. They, like the regicides, sought, and like them found, an asylum in our own land. America, the chiefest of all the English colonial possessions, sheltered in both instances the greatest of England's criminals. Even before the regicides, came the linguicides hither; they came over in the 'Mayflower' itself: the souls of many of the Pilgrim Fathers were stained with this most universal crime; and the eye of the credulous, half-crazed believer in the marvellous might have seen, perched upon the prow of the gallant ship, the veritable spectre, a ghastly figure-head, the prophetic precursor of a train of literary monstrosities, maudlin productions, themselves but skeletons of the King's English! As, for instance, this:

'How evanescent and marine  
Are thy chaotic uplands seen,  
Oh! ever sublapsarian moon!  
A thousand viaducts of light  
Were not so spherically bright  
Or ventilated half so soon.

'Methought I stood upon a cone  
Of solid, allopathic stone,  
And gazed athwart the breezy skies,  
When lo! from yonder planisphere,  
A rapid, atrabilious tear  
Was shed by pantomimic eyes.

'Adieu! MIASMA,' cried a voice  
In which ALEPPO might rejoice,  
So perifocal were its tones;  
'Adieu! MIASMA, think of me  
Beyond the antinomian sea,  
Which covers my pellucid bones!'

'Again, again, my bark is tost  
Upon the raging holocaust  
Of that acidulated sea;  
And diapasons, pouring down,  
With lunar caustic join, to drown  
My transcendental epopee.'

What is such language more than a mere skeleton of English? Nay, does it not seem as if the author had garroted the dictionary and strangled the grammar, and that behind each sentence of his senseless production was to be seen a group of spectral imps, bobbing up and down, with gibes and grimaces, the ghosts of adverbs, nouns, and prepositions, sporting with the tenses and genders, and converting the language into the merest raving of madness and idiocy?

Thus runs the fancy, as we sit cogitating upon the tale of the Haunted

Club. Thus does it carry us over the whole field of the marvellous and supernatural, following ever the path of this avenging shade, and ever espousing its cause. In imagination we see it stalking up and down the land, seeking, oftentimes in vain, for its assassins, that it may confront and appal them, and by awakening in them the pangs of conscience, have some slight revenge. And when we reflect that this murder is committed in cold blood daily and hourly; that the murderers are legion; and that only because of the impossibility of its appearing to them all, do so many escape the terrible visitations of the spectre; we are led to wish that this impossibility were not; but that all these linguicides, though they received not the full meed of their just deserts, might yet be confronted by the ghost of their victim, and made to feel in some measure the extent of their crime. What tales of the marvellous should we then have!—how would the supernatural reign supreme in the minds of all men!—what numbers of ghost-ridden wretches should we meet wherever we turned!—what haunted houses would there be in every town, on every street, in every neighborhood! No longer the ghosts of murdered mortals, slain by the sword or knife, would haunt them; but the ghosts of a murdered language, slain by the pen, would flourish phantom pens in their shadowy hands, and affright the assassins with their own weapons. ‘The pen is mightier than the sword!’ said Cardinal Richelieu. Mightier in murder it most assuredly is!

But not alone to its murderers does the assassinated language appear. The old Shakspearean story of Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark, (so Fancy assures us,) has herein a practical exemplification. The Ghost must be revenged; and it selects its avengers, and appears to them. And as it has many murders to be avenged, so does it call upon many Hamlets. Yet they, who have the same motives for action as their great original, seem also possessed of the same irresolution and dreamy inactivity, and accomplish as little. Can we not recall many instances of literary characters, who, to the eye of fancy, have, like the princely Dane, woven a chain of events whose culmination has crushed them? In this light all the unfortunate literati seem but counterparts of Hamlet. How prominently in this character stands forth in the field of the imagination our own Edgar A. Poe! That dreamy, vacillating life, that spirit of melancholy, and that acute philosophic moralizing which pervade his writings; those furious charges into his contemporaries, like the ravings and upbraidings of the Dane; and that final fall from the effects of his own weakness and indecision; do they not mark him a literary Hamlet; a chosen avenger of the King’s English, yet one who finished with his task still undone? And so the Ghost selects his avengers, and thus do they ever fail to accomplish the heavy task he imposes!

And what are we then, to this Spectre? While we sit in judgment upon the cases of others, with what judgment shall we judge ourselves? While Fancy conjures up for each and every one the several positions of murderer or avenger of the King’s English, what position shall we assign ourselves? Happy he whose is no worse lot than to be obliged to make, with the writer hereof, confession as follows:

‘O omnipresent Ghost! I too, have beheld thine unearthly features, and heard the rustling of thy sepulchral robes! Upon me do those

spiritual eyes oft glare from the most incongruous localities ! Yet, whether thou seekest me as a murderer, or as a chosen avenger, I know not. Perchance I too, in some unguarded moment, may have impaled thee upon my potent quill, and shed therefrom, instead of ink, thy best heart's blood ! But were it otherwise — could my imagination make me one of thy chosen Hamlets — then, though all the hesitating irresolution of the Dane were mine, I should most assuredly know with him *where* to strike in behalf of the cause committed to me !

Ay ! who of us would not know where to strike in behalf of *this* Ghost ? Who has not somewhere seen it, haunting the scene of its murder ; and seeing it there again, would not know that to be a fit spot for a beginning ? As it peered at us from behind the paragraphs we were perusing in the last novel, the sensation book of the day, or the favorite magazine article, we should know that there, even by that most popular author, had it been brutally assassinated. As it exhibited its livid features beneath the alliteration and tautology of the lawyer's brief, we should feel that even the guardians of other's rights were not themselves guiltless, but that, were Lindley Murray the Public Prosecutor, any Grand Jury would find a true bill against the offender, and even the advocate would confess, saying : 'I, too, have murdered the KING'S ENGLISH !' It would rise before us at the literary festival like a Banquo's ghost, and shaking its gory locks at some one or more of the assembled literati, mark them as its assassins. Ay, even in the pulpit we should see it as we have seen it, haunting the preacher ; at times filling his place completely, at others grinning over his shoulder ; and proclaiming him in one respect certainly a *ghostly* man. And last, though not least, it might be seen hovering around the smouldering ruins of a fire-destroyed printing-office, cutting up spectral antics, dancing ghostly hornpipes and exulting in triumphant revenge over the ashes of a murderous newspaper ; for of all the slayers of the language, those belonging to the editorial profession are the most relentless : depending upon their *cacoethes scribendi* for their daily bread, they come to be utterly unscrupulous, and cut the English throat without mercy. Daily and hourly the murder is committed ; and the linguicide editor (poor wretch ! most pitiable of mortals !) is daily and hourly haunted by the ghost of his victim. Depend upon it, the story of the Satanic connections of Faust, as the origin of the printer's devil, is but a scape-goat, invented to conceal the truth ; the true imp of the printing-office is the *Ghost of the King's English* ! As in fancy we watch its course, we see it dressed in fantastic style, sporting with the deadly weapons of its murder ; it rides upon the pen and mounts the paste-pot ; it fumbles over and disarranges the exchanges, and daubs its fleshless palms upon the roller ; it leans over the editor's shoulder and whispers black thoughts into his ear ; it haunts his sleep and shouts for 'copy !' then, in the silent watches of the night, breathes forth a sulphurous flame which consumes the whole establishment ; and as we see it sporting amid the ruins, and exulting over its partial revenge, imagination converts it into a restless spirit, seeking, like Hamlet the elder, an avenger ; nor can we close our ears while it seems to hiss into them his words :

'Murder most foul, strange, and unnatural !'

And even as we are mentally vowing to become its avengers, it disappears, with a gesture of command, as if selecting us for the task, and leaving us the same terrible legacy bequeathed to Hamlet :

‘Remember me! remember me!’

And is this revenge never to be accomplished? Is strict justice never to be done? Are all the Hamlets chosen by the Ghost to be but types of their great original—irresolute dreamers, achieving nothing? Is there to be never a hero among them who shall avenge the wrongs of this dreaded and importunate spectre, and give it peace, that it may lie quiet in its grave? This, difficult as the task really is, is not wholly impossible.

But there is in very truth much to be done first. The continual and increasing murders, whose commission still creates a demand for more Hamlets, must be stopped. The scribblers, the penny-a-liners, and the literary quacks, they who are constantly cutting the general English throat, stifling the grammar, and driving the dictionary mad, must be annihilated. The people, they who from defective education, narrow minds, or depraved tastes, are ever ready to patronize the literary quacks, and receive their weak, puling, and senseless productions as genuine literature, must be taught their error, and be shown what true literature is. The tide of wholesale murder of the English language must be staid; then, while its wrongs are all of the past and not of the present, they may perchance be avenged.

We, every body, are the ones to do this. We can help to break the charm by which the maudlin literati have bound the people to their support. We can throw aside our yellow-covered novels, our Waverley Magazines, and our senseless juvenile works; we can discountenance the ‘Laura Matilda’ poetry and the ‘free-and-easy’ prose, which but burlesque the King’s English, while their authors stab it to the heart. We can endeavor to educate the people into a love for the true, pure, and untrammelled Anglo-Saxon, with all its vigor of nobility and ring of the true metal.

If we cannot be the *Hamlets* who are to be charged by the ghost of the wronged language, with the accomplishment of a great revenge, we can be the *players*, who shall represent before its murderers the story of their misdeeds and crimes in so plain and true a light, that the trembling wretches shall rise in desperation and flee horror-stricken from the picture of their guilt. Then shall the field be cleared for the chosen Hamlet, he whose heroism and decision shall render him competent to the task of giving peace to the restless phantom.

And if it shall come to pass that the Ghost ever appear to us, arising like Banquo’s at the feast, shaking his gory locks, and seeming to charge *us* with the foul murder, we can boldly defy the spectre, and challenge him to the proof of his seeming allegation, saying, in the language of the wretched and remorseful Macbeth, but with far more truth than he :

‘THOU CANST NOT SAY I DID IT!’

Syracuse, May, 1857.

J. O. F.

## O L D S O N G S .

BY J. HONEYWELL.

Who shall deny the poet's heart  
The memories of his joys and tears,  
That mingle as he reads again  
The treasures of his earlier years?

There is, in half-forgotten rhyme,  
A charm that makes the singer thrill:  
That lingers, when the work is done,  
Like sun-set o'er a distant hill.

As travellers, when the day is spent,  
Look back upon the pleasant scene,  
Review each well-remembered spot,  
Each shady nook and bit of green:

So does the musing rhymers love  
To ponder o'er his labors past,  
And on each recollected verse  
A glance of fond affection cast.

Or as a kindly father loves,  
Beneath the tender twilight skies,  
To fondle all the little ones  
That make his home a Paradise:

So will the poet cherish leaves  
That underneath his hand have grown,  
Partly for that his neighbors praise,  
And partly that they are his own.

He loves them when he sends them forth  
On seas of printer's ink to sail;  
And loves them when the daily press  
Reprints them with a welcome hail.

And when some cunning editor,  
Touched with a humorous thought of mine,  
And catching the sarcastic fun  
That underlies the quiet line:

Prefaces it with some sincere  
Appreciative word of praise,  
I call him friend: and drink his health,  
And wish him joy, and length of days.

And as the flying years go by,  
And cast upon my rhymes their shade:  
When friends have nearly all forgot  
The ripple their appearance made,

Tis very pleasant, once again,  
To see the village papers seize,  
And start afresh the stranded waifs,  
To fly before a favoring breeze.

Slight as they are, I love to meet  
 The old familiar look they wear,  
 And though eclipsed by brighter stars,  
 Still love to see them sparkle there.

Thus watchers on the weltering sea,  
 As evening settles o'er the main,  
 See gleaming through the gathering shades  
 The night lights of the ocean train.

And I am conscious when I read  
 My words to metred music set,  
 That I can write a daintier song  
 Than any I have written yet.

Then let the modest poet dote  
 In secret on his hoarded rhyme,  
 Nor take from him the slender ray  
 That gilds the cold gray wing of Time!

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OLD ABRAM : A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

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BY A. WALLACE HUNTER.

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UNCLE ABRAM, otherwise Abraham, was one of the most prominent men of the Island plantation. He filled the important though not very lucrative office of plantation preacher. Within a few hundred yards of the 'House,' *par excellence*, stands (or rather stood, for it has since fallen beneath the march of improvement, and given place to a neat and commodious church) an old out-house, once used as a 'receptacle' for grain, and now — but I am anticipating.

The old man was in the habit of paying 'periodical' visits to the church in S ——. He returned one day, after an unusually long absence, to his duties on the Island. He was evidently 'impressed' with some important idea; there was an ill-concealed smile of exultation playing about the corners of his mouth the whole day; he held his form more erect than usual, and trod the earth beneath him with the step and air of one determined to make his mark upon the page of history. The negroes looked upon him with amazement, and even the stolid 'field-hands' wondered what had got into Uncle Abram to 'make him look so big.' One more daring than his fellows (for Abram knowing full well that 'Familiarity breeds contempt,' frowned down all idle and impertinent curiosity) ventured to ask 'ef ennything suprisin' or extrotrnary had 'curred in S ——'

'Neber you mine, Jim Allen; 'ten to your cottin', and don't ax any imperent requests from an Exalter of the Scriptures! I 'tens my bisness; you mine yourn!' was the indignant response, delivered in the old man's happiest style.



'Ki! Unc' Abram, dat Jim Allen was always dambishous,' struck in 'Little Nancy.'

'Eh! wurra dat? You dar cuss afore me? eh?'

'Twarnt no cussing, Unc' Abram; I yeard Missus tell young Massa, with my own years, dat Jim Allen was dambishous.'

'Damn Bishous! Ole Missus—why look yar, gal, its onpossible. In de fust place ole Missus never cuss in all her born days. Secondly, dar aint no one on de plantation called Bishous. Lastly and finally, ef dar was sich a pusson, ole Missus neber gwine cuss 'im!'

'But Unc' Abram——'

'Dar's no use in talkin', gal; the thing's onpossible!'

Talking against Abram was like talking against time, and Nance, with a most unwomanly weakness, held her peace.

Abram, when the 'shades of evening began to fall,' sent one of his numerous progeny to the house, requesting the privilege of a few minutes' private conversation with his mistress, intimating that he had something of importance to communicate.

After tea, my good aunt gave word for his admission, as she was now prepared to hear what he had to say. Abram entered the dining-room in his most dignified manner, looking as sober as a judge is said to look.

'Well Abram, what is this important matter you have to communicate?' asked my aunt.

Abram did not reply, but looked sternly at the house-servant, who was *apparently* busily engaged in 'clearing' the table.

'I say, gal; whar you larn to 'tend on de Bucchra? Missus, dat gal clars off de table 'mazin slow.'

'Is it about Diana that you wish to see me, Abram?'

'No, Missus; but you see Di is got no bisness to hear it.'

'Diana,' said my aunt smilingly, 'you can leave the room for a while.' And as Diana 'passed silent,' though 'oft looked back, slow moving o'er the ' floor, she continued:

'And now, Abram?'

'Why, you see, Missus, de ting am a secret yet; and if young Massa——'

'Go into the parlor, Thorpe, and amuse yourself with a book, until Abram has revealed his mighty secret.'

'Why, Daddy Abram!' cried I indignantly; 'an't you ashamed of yourself? I'm as dumb—as dumb as—Old Dummy, when there is a secret to be kept.'

'I knows all dat, Mass' Thorpe; but you see dis fur Missus to yar fust. If Missis say yes, I'll tell you all about it in the mornin'.'

'In the morning, when every body will know it!'

'I'se got a new pattern for a coon-trap, an'——'

'Hang your coon-trap! I'm not to be bribed.' And a violent 'slam' of the door leaves Abram, hat in hand, ready to 'unfold.'

In about fifteen minutes from this, Abram emerged from the dining-room, with the lurking smile of the morning deepened into a broad grin.

'Look yar, Di! Missus says you mus' gim me a fust-rate supper.'

So stir round, gal ; I desp'rate hungry — an't eat nothin' since mornin' but one tater.'

'Why, Daddy, you must be almos' perishin' fur sumthing to eat. While I'm gitten things ready, jest tell me what you and Missus been talkin' 'bout.'

'It's none o' your bisness, gal. Like I tole Jim Allen dis mornin', when he had the imperence to ax me dat same request. Says I, Jim Allen, 'ten to your cottin', dat's your bisness : I 'ten to your soul, dat's my bisness.'

'But, Daddy, I an't Jim Allen, you know !'

'Look yare, gal !' exclaimed Abram, bursting out into a very unclerical 'guffaw.' 'I s'pose I knows the diffurence atwixt my own da'ter and Job Allen's son Jim. Ef I had wanted you to know, you tink I'd a axed Missus to see her by herself to com — com — consarn you, gal ! you 'se as imperent as Jim,' continued Abram rather savagely ; angry because he could not recollect the word 'communicate,' which he had heard his mistress use, and to which he had taken a fancy.

'Well, well, Daddy ; do for goodness sakes eat your vittles ; you can't quarrel with 'em, kase dey jest come off Missus' table.'

Abram ate his supper in grim silence, and then bidding his daughter good-night, sought his own cabin.

The next morning, ere old Sol had wiped the dew from the face of Nature, the entire 'mechanic force' of the plantation were drawn up before the house-door.

'Diana,' said Abram to his daughter, who had been attracted by the noise to the kitchen-door, 'tell ole Missus dat we 's all ready fur her.'

'What you want with Missus dis time in de mornin', Daddy ? I dont bleve she's up yet.'

'Ef you don't do as I tell you, gal, I'll box your ears. De sun neber gits up afore ole Missus, an' it's now mos' a quartern hour high.'

Mrs. Ecallow at this moment appeared at the door.

'Mornin', Missus !' shouted 'rank and file.'

'Good morning, boys. Well, Abram, what is the matter now ?'

'We 's all ready now, Missus,' replied he, making *his* bow.

'Why do you not proceed then ? You know I gave you a *carte blanche*.'

'Thank ye, Missus ; we got no use for de cart, but ef you'd tell de boys yourself —'

'I understand you,' said my aunt, laughing, 'and repeat what I said last night. I give you the use of the carpenters, blacksmiths, etc., until Saturday evening, and they are to obey you as they would myself. And now march your men into the kitchen, and Diana will give them all a cup of coffee, and some breakfast before commencing work.'

With an unanimous shout of 'thank ye, Missus !' the party rushed pell-mell into the kitchen, much to Di's annoyance. Having 'fed to repletion' upon his idea, old Abram had no sympathy for the hungry maws of his band, and was continually urging them to 'make hase.'

There is an end to every thing, and Abraham soon had the satisfaction of hearing the hammer and the saw.

Thorpe's good humor was restored by a sound sleep, and he lost no time

in presenting himself to the patriarch. Abram rewarded him by the appointment of first assistant and confidential adviser. Observing half-a-dozen little urchins busily employed in 'bringing water' to the workmen, and constantly running on the most trivial errands for the men, Thorpe asked Abram why he did not let the men bring those things before they commenced work.

'Neber mind, Mass' Thorpe, I 'se watchin' 'em!' Twelve o'clock bell rung from the overseer's house, and the men dropped their tools, and were proceeding to their dinner, when Abram commanded them to stop.

'We wants our dinner, Uncle Abram,' cried the party.

'I s'pose I knows dat,' responded Abram coolly; 'but dis is a fust-rate place to eat on. I 'se given my orders to hab your vittles foted here. Dar's no use in mutterin', boys, you 'se got to do jist as we and young Maussa says. Enty so, Mas' Thorpe?'

'Of course!' responded the confidential adviser.

Dinner soon made its appearance; and while the men were 'discussing' it, Thorpe took the opportunity of questioning the propriety of such strict measures.

'Mas' Thorpe,' said Abram sagely, 'you's too young to know what a nigger is. S'posin' now I had lef 'em all go home to dere vittles. When a nigger gets in de cabin he feels mity hongry. Did you eber see a nigger dat was n't hongry, Mas' Thorpe?'

Thorpe confessed that he had not.

'When he gits done, he look at de bacca and den at de pipe. Nigger's mity fond of bacca, Mas' Thorpe?'

Thorpe believed they were.

'Den, when he's mos troo smokin', he look at de bed, and when a nigger look dar, he's gwine to sleep sure. It's mity hard to wake a nigger up, Mas' Thorpe, when de sun's hot!'

Thorpe having had some experience with Abram himself, acknowledged that it was.

'Ef I had lef 'em go den, Mas' Thorpe, dey could n't be got back agin afore mornin'. We's got to git troo afore Sunday mornin', and dar no time to lose.'

Abram kept his 'force' steadily at work. Sundry breaches, which time and tempest had made in the old barn, were repaired, a rude pulpit was erected, and a number of chairs and benches of 'home manufacture' were ranged in due order on each side of the room. By Saturday evening Abram's idea was embodied. It was a 'fixed fact' in the shape of the 'Island Church!'

Regularly every Sabbath the church was filled with the Island negroes of every 'sex, age, and condition.' The driver threw aside the dignity of his office and fraternized with the cow-boy; the spruce house-servants laid aside their patronizing airs, and even the 'body-servant' was 'affable.' On the one side, new calicoes and flaming head-kerchiefs vied with each other in the brilliancy of their hues: and on the other, stiffly-starched shirt-collars, swallow-tailed coats, white inexpressibles, and polished boots, shone dazzlingly in comparison with the round jacket or drab coat, gray breeches, and well-greased shoes of the field-hand.

There is but one other superannuated negro in the room beside Abram. It is

OLD ISAAC. He is seated upon that high-backed chair nearest the pulpit, with folded arms, looking out in a dreamy trance upon the open fields. His hair is as white as yonder cotton, which in his younger days he helped to pick and gin. Memory is busy with that old man's brain; he lives now in a world of his own creation, peopled with forms long since mouldered into dust. He lives the last of his race; like Logan, 'not a drop of his blood runs in the veins of any living creature.' He clings to his island home with the love of a parent to his child. He was born upon the soil, and assisted in the development of its resources. He speaks of the plantation and every thing upon it as his own. He addresses his mistress (younger by twenty years) as his child, his daughter; and is looked upon by her with almost filial reverence. Though born in America, he esteemed himself an African. His parents were brought into the colony of New-York by an English slaver, and sold to a Virginia planter. Isaac had once been the 'brag hand' of the plantation; and his step was yet firm, and his eyes undimmed. He has been, and still is, the 'model' of the plantation for honesty and intelligence. He is somewhat remarkable too, for having in his youth beheld General Washington. His description of that hero is glowing in the extreme. He endows him with all the vigor and strength of a Hercules, the stature of an Ajax, and the sagacity of an Ulysses. The steed upon which he rode was of the purest breed, milk-white, fleet as the wind, and of powerful make. *Certes*, the Father of his Country grew at each narration 'beneath the hands' of his sable admirer. But here comes

UNCLE ABRAM. He has a large Bible under his arm and a pair of spectacles in his left hand. He is a little bent with age, and, like most 'old fogies,' dogmatical and obstinate in his opinions. He, like Isaac, has grown gray in the service of the Ecalow family, and considers himself a privileged character. Throughout the week he is usually seen loitering around 'the house,' and entering into theological arguments with his mistress' nephew. He quotes passages from the Scriptures which Thorpe (who has read the book through several times, ten chapters per diem,) cannot recall to his mind, and insists that either 'Daddy Abram' misquotes, or that they are not in *his* book. Hereupon Uncle Abram waxes wroth, and accuses 'young Maussa' of careless reading, insinuating that he is not as well versed in such matters as he should be. Both of which, accusation and insinuation, Thorpe indignantly repels, and the discussion is usually ended by a proposition to go 'a-hunting' or 'a fishing'; a proposition eagerly met and accepted by the other.

Abram will not permit you to call him a preacher; he styles himself an 'exalterer,' meaning thereby an exhorter. The Bible (a gift from 'young Maussa,' though Abram knew not A from Z,) which he has under his arm, has an unusually wide margin at the bottom and a narrow one at the top. Abram, guided (?) by the margin, invariably places the book upside-down upon his 'stand.' The book having been duly opened, he proceeds to adjust over his nose a pair of spectacles innocent of glasses, (a 'testimonial' from the donor of the Bible,) and then delivers his text.

Now be it known that Abram had one favorite passage upon which he loved to dilate. Time after time had he delivered it, each time finding something new and striking in the subject. He, it is true, did not quote correctly; but the text, as he gave it, admitted of but one interpretation.

Bending over the book as if pondering well the subject, and then raising his eyes slowly toward the ceiling, he reads:

'Verily! verily! I say unto you! if you be not saved, you SHALL be damned!'

In course of time, Sukey, his wife, paid the great debt of nature. Abraham's grief was violent in the extreme. Throwing himself upon his knees by the side of his dead partner, he cried out in all the eloquence of wo: 'Pore old Sukey's dead an' gone an' lef' old Abram y'ere below! Who's gwine to make fire in de mornin' an cook ole Abram's brekfus? O LORD! Who's gwine bile crab an' roas' taters? What use fur pore ole Abram hunt or fish with young Maussa? Nobody fur brile rabbit; no Sukey fur fry fish; no ——'

'Daddy Abram!'

'Ki, Missus!' answered he, looking up and recognizing his mistress through his tears; 'pore old Abram's sad an' lone!'

Mrs. Ecallow, too well acquainted with the characteristics of the negro to disturb or endeavor to soothe him, waited quietly until the violence of his grief had subsided, and then bade him in future come to her kitchen for his meals.

'Thank 'ye, Missus. I do n't like to say any thing agin your cook, 'specially sence she's my own da'ter, but she' — wiping his eyes with the cuff of his coat-sleeve — 'she can't do things like her pore dead mammy!'

Poor Abram! In one short week care and grief did what father Time had failed in doing in three-quarters of a century. Broken, bowed down by his loss, Abram soon sank into the grave, and was interred by the side of his wife. A good man, a sincere Christian, and a faithful servant of CHRIST, Abram still lives in another and a better world. He died in the 'full hope of a blessed immortality,' yet regretted by all who knew and could appreciate the true nobility of the soul 'encased in an ebony casket.'

' V I O L E T . '

Thy breath is sweeter than the air  
That steals from flowers all dewy wet;  
And sweeter than the ripest pear  
Thy pouting lips, sweet 'Violet.'

Thy mien is modest as the eve  
With but a single star-beam set,  
When unseen fingers deftly weave  
Her robe of night, my 'Violet.'

*Saint Paul, (M. T.), July, 1857.*

Thy spirit, sinless as the dove,  
Still shrinks at wrong, nor can forget  
'Mid earthly guile its birth above:  
Thy life is love, dear 'Violet.'

Thou'rt like that fair and fragrant flower  
That on the brow of Spring is set,  
To deck the young year's gayest hour,  
Sweet, modest, sinless 'Violet.'

## T H E R O S I C R U C I A N .

## I.

I SAW a figure wan and old,  
 Cower o'er a furnace, as if he were cold,  
 Old, and cold, and passionless.  
 And still he toiled, while others slept;  
 And still he toiled while others wept;  
 The sun and the cloud, the wind and the rain,  
 Came and went, and came again;  
 While o'er the furnace, as if he were cold,  
 Cowered the figure wan and old,  
 Old, and cold, and passionless.

## II.

For oh! he had sworn on the dewy cross,  
 To count either pleasure or pain but dross,  
 Till he unfold the mystery,  
 That wraps the birth of gold and gem:  
 And yet not for the sake of them,  
 Or what for the sense such treasure may buy,  
 He watches and toils so patiently,  
 And has taken the oath on the dewy cross,  
 To count both pleasure and pain but dross,  
 Till he unfold that mystery.

## III.

But he would find the hidden art  
 To sunder the pure and base apart,  
 The good from the crusting ill.  
 And so his days and years pass by,  
 And so he labors silently;  
 And if he shall keep from earthly stain  
 His soul, till the ringed cloud come again,  
 Oh! he shall find the hidden art  
 To sunder the pure and base apart,  
 The good from its crusting ill.

## IV.

When the cloud again his brow shall crown,  
 That for a moment floated down,  
 When he swore on the dewy cross,  
 To his longing eyes shall stand revealed  
 The shapes the elements concealed;  
 The spirits of air and the spirits of flame  
 Shall hail him, brother! and name his name,  
 When the ringed cloud his brow shall crown,  
 The ringed cloud that floated down  
 When he swore on the dewy cross.

H. V.



## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW for the July Quarter: pp. 291. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY, Washington-street. New-York: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Broadway: London: SAMPSON, LOW, SON AND COMPANY, Ludgate-Hill.

THE opening paper in the present number of the 'North-American' deserves the place of honor which it occupies. It is upon '*The Works of John Adams, Second President of the United States*,' and is accompanied by a life of the author, notes and illustrations by his grand-son, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Esq. The character and scope of the work are well set forth in the ensuing preliminary sentences: 'The Scotch have it, that 'a man canna bear a' his ain kin on his back;' and it must be confessed that there is no little pith in the saying. In the present case, however, the feat has been successfully performed. As ANCHISES was borne by ÆNEAS from the flames of Troy, so now has the lion-hearted rebel of the North been carried by his grand-son, with pious, gladsome, careful steps, through a long, difficult, and varied career. The *Life* of JOHN ADAMS is emphatically a great book. The biographer gives ample evidence of intense study of the events which he narrates; and, as is the painter's wont, he places his principal figures in the fore-ground. His rectitude of purpose is so manifest, that though we dissent from some of his conclusions, we do not once distrust his fairness of intention. His pages show unwearied research, and the use of state papers and documents not easily accessible. His style is pure, smooth, and easy, and save here and there an involved or obscure sentence, worthy to be imitated in historical writing. In the difficult task of holding an impartial pen as to the characters of those whom his ancestor held to be his evil genii, determined to defame him, and to rob him of his well-earned laurels, he is often entitled to commendation. He urges no topic to the weariness of the reader; and we are quite sure that persons who are fond of biographical lore will be interested from first to last, while whole pages, and even chapters, will fix the attention like some thrilling tale of the imagination. And this, not only because of the incidents themselves, but because of the manner in which they are presented to the mind.' Our biographer is commended for presenting, under his own hand, his grand-

father, as he lived, thought, and spoke. 'There is no disguise, no concealment. What he did, whether to his honor or of questionable discretion and propriety, is all exposed. For considerable periods, the second President of the United States was, so to speak, his own BOSWELL; and we commend the courage and good sense of his descendant, in submitting his most secret emotions and confidential communications to the scrutiny of his countrymen; for many, we cannot doubt, are weary of those biographers and editors who keep their heroes perpetually in gala-robes, and who never condescend to let them down from their stilts to commune with common men in this every-day sort of a world, in which every body has aches, and pains, and wearing sorrows, and must needs have concern about food, and raiment, and shelter.' The biographer comes under the reviewer's censure, however, for not having forborne to discuss any questions in which HAMILTON, WOLCOTT, PICKERING, JEFFERSON, and FRANKLIN were concerned, save in such particulars as were necessary to the connection of events, and to the thread of his narrative. An analysis of the characters of such men should be not only impartial, but above the suspicion of partiality. Speaking of the second and third volume of the '*Works*,' the reviewer says:

IN the form chiefly of a Diary and fragmentary Auto-biography, they contain a little of almost every thing; thoughts on religion and politics, on self-examination and self-improvement; notes of debates in Congress, and of Mr. ADAMS's own doings there and elsewhere; memoranda of voyages and journeys, of the negotiation of treaties, of visits to nobles and statesmen, and to towns and cities; sketches of distinguished persons with whom he associated; at times a pleasant story, and as much gossip even as there is in WALPOLE's Letters. We have, beside, an outline of the celebrated argument of OTIS in the case of the Writs of Assistance; notes of Mr. ADAMS's own argument in defense of CORBET and others, charged with the murder of Lieutenant PANTON on the high seas; the original draught of the Declaration of Rights and Grievances, made by the Congress of 1774, which is justly considered one of the most important documents of the Revolutionary era; notes of the debate in the Senate, in 1789, on the power of the President to remove public officers at pleasure, which power then affirmed by Mr. ADAMS's own casting vote as Vice-President, has been exercised ever since; several essays and controversial papers of the Revolution, and among them the earliest of Mr. ADAMS's known printed productions, which, as the editor remarks, 'bear the peculiar mental and moral characteristics of the author;' and lastly, a paper in the handwriting of JEFFERSON, indorsed by WASHINGTON; 'Construction of the powers of the Senate with respect to their agency in appointing ambassadors, etc., and fixing the grade.' Such is a rapid view of more than eleven hundred pages.

We call our readers' attention to this rapid *resumé* of the general contents of two volumes, which were only briefly referred to, not adequately noticed, in these pages, on their first appearance. The '*Diary*,' from 1775 to 1761, opens at the age of twenty, with a notice of the great earthquake in Lisbon. It is made up from loose and often illegible manuscripts, and must therefore be more or less desultory and scrappy. Nevertheless, it is full of interest, in its brief pictures of the men and things in that remote day, sometimes embraced in a single curt sentence: 'His notings from day to day of the transactions in Congress, and of his own particular acts in session, out of doors, and in committee; his plain-spoken praise of the brave, and rebukes of those whom he deemed wavering, wayward, and timid; and here and there a glimpse behind the curtain, to assure us that what we call *wire-pulling*, or adroit political management, was not then wholly unknown; are all full of interest to the pains-taking inquirer into the past. So, also, his notes of the debates, mere skeletons as they are, cast some light upon

the fears which agitated, the hopes which animated, and the reasons which influenced the memorable Congress that proclaimed the dismemberment of the British empire. These sketches are among the few that are known to exist.' Mr. ADAMS was a keen observer of men, and he recorded his impressions of those with whom he mingled with great plainness of speech : for example, he says of one : 'He was always scolding about the lowness of the fees ; always heavy, dull, and insipid as a pleader ; 'volubility, voluble repetition, and repeated volubility, fluent reiterations and reiterating fluency.' On his way to attend the first Congress, he stopped for some days in New-York ; and he does not hesitate to say what he thinks of the leading personages of our city at that time :

'As Mr. ADAMS entered the city, he wrote in his Diary that he designed to make it a subject of much speculation. Having visited every part of it, worshipped in the churches, rode to the gentlemen's seats in the country, breakfasted, dined, and supped with persons of the first consideration, admired the beauties in full dress, and gazed upon the rich plate and gorgeous furniture, he records the result :

'WITH all the opulence and splendor, there is very little of good breeding to be found. We have been treated with an assiduous respect ; but I have not seen one real gentleman, one well-bred man, since I came to town. At their entertainments there is no conversation that is agreeable : there is no modesty, no attention to one another. They talk very loud, very fast, and altogether. If they ask you a question, before you can utter three words of your answer they will break out upon you again, and talk away.'

'This is sufficiently explicit, certainly ; for a man who had been feasted to the point of surfeit, somewhat ungracious, and indicative of strong local prejudice. But the Fifth Avenue had not then been opened.'

Perhaps some explanation of Mr. ADAMS's indifferent opinion of his New-York contemporaries of that period, may be gathered from 'the disposition which he had to underrate the character of his associates,' of which the reviewer speaks, and from 'the displays of vanity, of egotism, and of apprehension that some body else might appropriate the credit due to himself,' which he so often manifested. 'Vanity,' he himself wrote at twenty, 'I am sensible is my cardinal vice and cardinal folly.' 'It was so,' adds the reviewer, 'even afterward.'

'*Mechanism of Vital Actions*,' is the title of the second and next longest paper in the present number. It involves a consideration of four correlative works upon this important branch of science, including the late Dr. MERCALF's great work on 'Caloric and its Vital Agencies.' Another long article based upon a cluster of works, embracing American, English, and German, to the number of thirteen, entitled '*The Present Geography of Palestine*,' we have not found leisure to read. '*Sacred Latin Poetry*,' also, we were compelled to pass over. Not so '*Trees, and their Uses*,' an excellent article, full of wise suggestions and well-considered inculcations. We can ask attention to but a single particular extract :

'If any thing could provoke a saint to wrath, it is the frequent destruction of fine trees on the most frivolous pretences. Here a majestic elm is sacrificed because the dripping from its boughs moistens cheap shingles on some adjoining house, and com-

pels a more speedy repair. There a barn is to be removed, and all the trees which stand in the line of its direct course must give way. A couple of rowdies, returning on a dark night from a winter revel, are upset against an oak which projects into the road a foot or two; straightway the sapient selectmen of the town debate the case, and solemnly order that the tree which has stood there since the memory of man, shall be brought low, rather than a dollar shall be spent to widen the road at that point. Here, again, unfortunately, a new street must be laid out in a straight line, to satisfy the precise genius of modern engineering; and the great tree that stops the way must disappear, root and branch, rather than a hair's-breadth be changed in the beautiful lithograph of attractive house-lots. The first care of a lucky broker, who has bought at a bargain some fine old estate, is to thin out and trim the trees and shrubbery on the model of his own ledger, saving only the specimens which he can coax into regular rows, or inspect with half-shut eye. We know more than one instance where a quarrel between neighbors has led to the destruction of noble trees, simply because one thought that he might annoy the other by depriving him of his shade. And there are not a few occasions to admire that thrift which cuts down an orchard because birds get all the cherries, or boys and Irishmen steal all the apples.

'Provocation of this sort, which constantly vexes one in a large country town, suggests the question, whether he who removes a public ornament and good, even from his own land, is not as much a subject for the law as he who creates a public nuisance. The destruction of half-a-dozen fine shade-trees may be as great an injury to a neighborhood as the erection of an oil-boiler or a fish-house. Yet the one has an impunity not allowed to the other. Many statutes are passed with much less moral justification than a statute to prevent the arbitrary cutting down of valuable trees. When estates are sold, there ought to be in the deeds a restraining clause: an entail for the trees which border the road, if not for those which surround the house. The tastes of the City Exchange ought not to have unchecked license in the groves of the suburbs. At any rate, a legislative 'resolution' on this subject would be quite as timely and sensible as most of the resolutions which are passed by legislative bodies.'

'*Turnbull's Life Pictures*' forms the subject of the concluding paper, save the usual collection of '*Critical Notices*,' of which there are eighteen. We copy one of these, with much less of modesty than of gratitude. It is a notice of '*The Knickerbocker Gallery: a Testimonial to the Editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine by its Contributors*.'

'WITH the commencement of the present year, the stereotype plates of this elegant volume were brought into use anew, and with improvements which constitute virtually a new edition, though with the title-page unchanged. It consists of a series of original articles, in prose and poetry, grave and gay, by more than fifty of the contributors to the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, designed to furnish a joint and not unfruitful memorial of their high regard for its veteran editor, LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK. It is intended to appropriate the entire proceeds of the work 'in building, on the margin of the Hudson, a cottage, suitable for the home of a man of letters, who, like Mr. CLARK, is also a lover of Nature and of rural life.' It might be enough to say, that in the list of contributors, and in the series of portraits, WASHINGTON IRVING leads the van, and FITZ-GREENE HALLECK brings up the rear; while in the intermediate space there are many names of high distinction, (among them BRYANT and LONGFELLOW,) and none that have not won a worthy place in their respective styles or departments of literature. Moreover, they have all of them laid out their full strength in this labor of love. The consequence is, that we have a miscellany of rare excellence and attractiveness. At the same time, the portraits are finely executed, and those of them on which we are qualified to pass judgment, are as faithful as they are beautiful.'

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF NEW-YORK BOARDING-HOUSES. By THOMAS BUTLER GUNN. With illustrations on wood. In one Volume: pp. 300. New-York: MASON BROTHERS, Numbers 108 and 110, Duane-street.

THE dedication of this very clever and already popular book, discloses the *animus* of the author. He would simply impart his 'experience' in metropolitan boarding-houses, 'all of which he *saw*, and part of which he *was*.' This is the dedication aforesaid: 'To all Inmates of Metropolitan Boarding-Houses, especially Single Young Men, this book is especially dedicated by an *Ex-Member of the Fraternity*.' This last 'clause' of the sentence 'tells the story.' The author has himself 'seen the elephant,' and he means that his readers shall see it also; and he certainly succeeds in setting that eloquent quadruped 'well on his legs' before the public. We are sorry we have not space to quote from '*The Fashionable Boarding-House, where They don't get Enough to Eat*.' It is replete with a keen satire. 'Madame,' the proprietress, and her marriageable daughters, are 'a perfect picture.' She takes no *young* lady boarders: 'In the first place, it was desirable to avoid risk of counter-attractions; in the second place, ladies are apt to observe each other too much and too closely. The many little dodges which to the thick sight of man are invisible, lie quite open to the quick eye of woman. Yet there *was* a lady-boarder, too. But she was old, *rich*, and had a son, whom the younger daughter especially favored. He, a wild youth, addicted to playing on the flute, used to collect the rents of various tenement-houses owned by his mother.' 'Hence we view,' etc. '*The Hand-to-Mouth Boarding-House*,' is scarcely so much a satirical as it is a pathetic sketch. No reader can fail to pity the poor keeper of such an establishment. We subjoin an illustrative passage:

'This establishment stands in one of those shabby thoroughfares which the extension of Canal-street is rapidly improving off the face of New-York. It is a frame house, and like its mistress, of forlorn and pinched-up aspect, both having seen better days. Like her, too, it has sometimes made attempts to brighten up a little, and show a cheery face to the world — and looked more dismal for the failure.

'Miss — is a maiden lady, so palpably past the meridian of life, that she does not attempt to deny it. Her face is thin and withered, and two long, hay-colored curls depend mournfully on either side of it. Her figure is so devoid of symmetry, that, but for her countenance, you would be in doubt as to which side of her you was standing. She does not dress herself tastefully. Every way she is a plain, unpicturesque old maid — just such a one as young ladies are prone to favor with valentines representing witch-like harridans on broomsticks, or surrounded by attendant familiars, in the shapes of cats, parrots, and devils.

'She has kept a Boarding-House for upward of twenty years, but it has scarcely returned the compliment. For twice that time her industry has failed to lift her above the dread of to-morrow. That she works hard, her bony hands attest — that she rises early, the Irish servant-girl often grumblingly avows — that the dietary and domestic arrangements are needlessly expensive, the boarders would indignantly deny — yet it is certain that Miss — is always a little in arrears with the world — of all creditors the most unmerciful, and the surest to take interest out of its debtors in a disagreeable manner.

'Her house, described in the *Sun* (to which entertaining journal she is a subscriber) as containing 'genteel apartments within five minutes' walk of Broadway,' comprises half-a-dozen indifferently-furnished rooms, exclusive of the parlor and kitchen. The former of these has a threadbare, but miraculously-darned carpet, a sprinkling of feeble-backed cane-chairs — which are very shaky on their legs — a faded sofa, an ancestral rocking-chair, (with one of those aggravating pieces of clean *crochet*-work which stick to your hair or tumble off when you sit down, spread carefully over its top,)

and a gaunt piano, which has not been tuned since the Presidency of JAMES K. POLK. The chambers, too, are equipped in an equally poor manner, but though the sheets display so many patches as to impart a scratching sensation to the spines of recumbent boarders, no Broadway dandy's shirt-front could be more scrupulously washed.

Of course, as the Establishment is a cheap one, the quality of the meals furnished is not of the first order. Miss —— (in common with the landladies of most poor Boarding-Houses, and some well-to-do ones) does her own marketing, trudging through rain or sun-shine at early morning, and returning with a heavy basket laden with such provisions as her slender purse affords. Occasionally, however, she is unable to effect this without debt; and complains bitterly (or would do so, had any one the complaisance to listen to her) that butchers take advantage of this, in supplying inferior meat at increased prices. Her groceries are often purchased in small quantities, just enough for each meal, previous to which the servant may be seen hurrying from the corner-store, with a loaf under each arm, and various cone-shaped parcels of coffee, tea, or sugar, wrapped in that coarse straw-paper peculiarly devoted to such purposes. Sometimes Miss —— is necessitated to way-lay you in the passage, to solicit cash advances on your week's board, upon which the quality of your dinner will depend. It is politic, as well as good-natured, to comply, as you will thereby secure a savory dish or so, as well as the good-will of your landlady.

Sooth to say, what with her landlord's regular yearly demand for higher rent, and the increasing price of food, she has a hard time of it. She owes her servant money, who consequently brow-beats and defies her, and invites muscular Irishmen into the kitchen, with scarcely a feint of the usual apologetic fiction, 'Shure, it's me cousin, mum!' She is in arrears with her milk-man, who absolutely lords it over her, and has, more than once, cut off the supply of lacteal fluid. Her coal-merchant demurs about bringing a ton of Red Ash or Peach Orchard, until paid, like a subscription to a newly-started newspaper, 'punctually in advance.' Nor are her cares and anxieties particularly lightened by the comments of her boarders, or their general behavior to her.

There were but two 'lady-boarders,' wives of boarders. Their leisure — that is to say, the whole of their time — appeared to be divided between Broadway, the novels of Mr. G. W. REYNOLDS, and disquisitions on the characters of such persons as enjoyed the felicity of their acquaintance. When they came down late to breakfast, which they invariably did — with limp figures, hair screwed up in fragments of last week's *Police Gazette*, and similar graceful *deshabille*, one could n't help envying the happiness of their husbands, who sewed on their own shirt-buttons, the ladies declining such tasks, and, indeed, all needle-work, on the standing plea of sickness. One had a child, a puny, weak little creature, afflicted with water on the brain, of which it subsequently died. And many an evening, when the be-rouged, be-hooped, and be-flounced mother was disporting herself at cheap public balls, did poor Miss —— take care of this child. When it died its affectionate parent said: 'Perhaps it was a good thing for God to take it.' Probably it was.

But it was not to be expected that any such simple good offices on the part of the landlady could mollify the indignation and contempt entertained by this lady and her companion toward one who had failed in that great object of female ambition (in their eyes) — catching a husband. They were perpetually, persistently, and inexorably down upon her. All her short-comings and piteous shifts to keep up appearances were dragged into light, sneered at, and tattled about. They knew the number of her dresses, and how often they had been turned and dyed. They forbade their husbands advancing loans to her, on account of board, or still more insultingly recommended it; subsequently informing every body of the obligation. They were implacable toward little delays in the appearance of meals, assuming a clamorous indignation at their husbands' being 'kept away from business,' if but for ten minutes. They evinced a preternatural facility of discovering deteriorations of diet, and sometimes succeeded in setting the men grumbling. They indirectly accused her of appropriating small quantities of coal from their private stores to her own use. (This, by the way, is a fruitful source of squabbles in most Boarding-Houses. We have known a suspicious individual to sit up all night in a dark cellar in order to detect purely imaginary predators.) They so badgered and worried the servants on the question of having their breakfasts brought up to them in bed, that Miss —— declared, tearfully, 'It was impossible to get a girl to stay with her.' They invented rancorous slanders about the landlady's antecedents, and sowed them broadcast among her tradesfolks. And, finally, they affected virtuously improper surmises on her manifesting emotion at the receipt of letters, directed in a masculine hand, from California. We believe they came from an only brother who had n't behaved very well to her, and had been exported to the diggings by his sister's money. She used to cry a good deal over them, and to sit up late in the back-parlor writing long answers by the light of an oil-lamp, which smelt unpleasantly.

Very far from us be it to arraign the average justice accorded by the world to our lonely spinster, or to her class. The term 'old maid,' ordinarily affixed like a tin kettle to the tail of an unoffending animal, to torment its bearer and amuse lookers-on,



could scarcely be rendered less ludicrous or more endurable by our championship. Yet it might be worthy of inquiry whether a too large license is not accorded to wives over their single sisters. Whether *their* whims, oddities, and eccentricities are not passed over very lightly, in comparison with those of the solitary virgin whose temper is fretted into asperities by the world's indifference or contempt. And, finally, whether some old maids are not as good, kindly, and unselfish creatures as any in the world.'

Our extract is so long, that we must leave the remainder of the volume to the consideration of the reader; commending especially to his attention the '*Serious Boarding-House*,' with its immensely droll vignette-illustration; and the '*Mean Boarding-House*;' but in fact, *all* the remaining sketches, American, French, English, and German. The illustrative cuts, which are numerous, are *capital*, and reflect the highest credit upon FRANK BELLEW, ALFRED R. WAUD, the AUTHOR, and JOHN ANDREW, the engraver. Well printed, also, typographically and pictorially.

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THE PROFESSOR. By CURRER BELL, Author of 'JANE EYRE.' In one Volume: pp. 330. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

IF, going to press with our Magazine almost a month in advance of its publication, we are compelled to be among the 'eleventh-hour' men in our notices of new publications, the fact will accrue to the benefit of our friends the publishers, in one respect at least; since, if our good word is of 'any consequence,' it may influence a new class of readers in favor of a work whose circulation might possibly be falling off in this sultry, *unreadable* weather. A notice of the present book, however, was prepared for our last, but inadvertently omitted. 'The Professor' is the earliest work of the author of 'JANE EYRE;' a small part of its materials (it having been declined by the publishers to whom the manuscript had been shown) had already appeared in her previous novel of 'Villette.' No reader of her first work, 'Shirley,' and this, can place 'The Professor' upon a level with either; yet 'it throws much light on the theory of the subsequent works of the author, and exhibits more distinctly than any other the limitations of her genius. It contains passages of vivid description, lofty sentiment, and acute analysis of female character. The conversations, too, have much of that charming reality for which Miss BRONTE is peculiar among novelists.' The annexed is a clear synopsis of the 'story' proper:

'The story is cast in the form of an auto-biography. WILLIAM CRIMSWORTH, the hero, is represented as an orphan, the son of an unsuccessful manufacturer, whose marriage greatly incensed his wife's aristocratic relatives. WILLIAM is educated, however, at Eton, at the expense of his maternal uncles. At length the knowledge of the wrong they had done his family induces him to forego the continuance of their bounty, and causes an irreparable breach between him and them. Thus thrown, as it were, upon the world, he writes for advice to his only remaining relative, his brother EDWARD, whom he had not seen for many years, and who has become a wealthy manufacturer in the town of X ——. By way of answer to his communication, he is informed that he

may come down to — shire, and his brother will 'see what can be done in the way of furnishing him with work.'

'Life in the counting-house of Mr. CRIMSWORTH is soon foreshadowed. The young man is under displeasure from the beginning, although he performs all his duties with promptness and scrupulous correctness, and although his deportment is in all respects unexceptionable. Perhaps, if fault could be found with him, that displeasure would not ripen into hate. In the course of a few months, matters come to a crisis between the brothers, and one day the younger walks out of the counting-house to enter it no more. Life is again open before him; its horizon is limited no longer by the factory wall.

'Furnished, by the kindness of a neighboring manufacturer, who had conceived an eccentric liking for him, with a letter of introduction to a gentleman in Brussels, WILLIAM CRIMSWORTH leaves England in pursuit of fortune. The young man finds employment at Brussels, as 'professor' or teacher of English in the boys' school of Mons. PELET, and in the girls' school of Mlle. REUTER. Both of his employers are false and artful; both seek by various devices to discover the key to his character. Mons. PELET flatters, and affects familiarity; Mlle. REUTER flatters, affects kindness and sympathy, and ends with demonstrations of love. He is upon the point of falling into her snare, when overhearing a conversation between the two, he learns that they are engaged to be married. This discovery naturally cools the 'Professor's incipient passion.

'Now, in the school of Mlle. REUTER is a certain FRANCES HENRI, who supports herself by teaching the scholars the peculiar art, common enough in Europe, of mending old lace, and attends the instruction of the English 'Professor.' She is from Switzerland, is quite poor, and lives with an invalid aunt. The 'Professor' is attracted to her by the modesty of her demeanor, her evident desire to improve, the thoroughness with which she performs her tasks, and by something English in her look and manner. On inquiry he learns that her mother was an Englishwoman. He is surrounded by shallowness, vanity, and deceit. She has depth of character and truthfulness. He finds peculiar pleasure in directing her studies. He censures her failures unsparingly, and praises her successes with stint. He gives her a word of solemn counsel. Out of it all, his interest in her becomes something stronger than friendship. The pupils observe it, Mlle. REUTER is offended, and the young girl is dismissed.

'Thus, for the first time, the 'Professor' becomes fully aware of the nature of his feelings; he seeks to find her, but cannot discover her place of abode. He stands at the doors of churches, haunts the great thoroughfares and the retired streets, looks in at shops, but in vain. At length, wandering one evening through a cemetery, he discovers the object of his search seated by the grave of her aunt, who has recently died. He accompanies her home, and on leaving her, says to himself: 'I have one object before me now — to get that Genevese girl for my wife; and my wife she shall be — that is, provided she has as much, or half as much, regard for her master as he has for her.' He has already resigned his place in the school of Mlle. REUTER, and on the marriage of that lady with Mons. PELET, he feels obliged to abandon his situation with him also. It is not long, however, before the 'Professor' finds himself settled, with a better situation than ever, in one of the colleges of Brussels, and begins to think seriously of marriage. Therefore, he pays a visit to Mlle. HENRI. He sees upon her table some French verses of her composition, which he is permitted to read. They are a sort of ballad founded upon their intercourse as master and pupil, with several fanciful additions and variations. The wedding ceremony is performed during the January holidays. For some time Mlle. HENRI has been employed as teacher at a fair compensation, so they begin their married life with an abundant income, though laboriously. At the close of the story WILLIAM CRIMSWORTH, with his wife and son, is presented living in England, with a competency earned by teaching school.'

Although published only a short time since, we understand 'The Professor' has already attained to a very wide circulation.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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A CHAPTER OF EPIGRAMS. — For the '*Chapter of Epigrams*' we have to thank our new correspondent, 'A. M. H.' He will see that we divide his 'feast of fat things,' lest being partaken of all at once, a surfeit might ensue. There is quite enough left for another repast:

'EPIGRAMS derive their origin from the inscriptions placed by the ancients on their tombs, statues, temples, arches, etc. They were at first only simple monograms; afterward, increasing their length, they made them in verse, to be more easily retained. They continued to be called by the same name after the first design of their institution was varied, and people began to use them for the relations of facts and accidents, the characterization of persons, etc.

'The Greek epigram did not usually exceed six or eight verses. The Latins were not so scrupulous and made them much longer.

'M. LE BRUN's definition of an epigram is 'a little poem susceptible of all kinds of subjects, and ending with a lively, just, and unexpected thought, which are three qualifications essential to the epigram.' It is generally allowed that the shorter the epigram the better.

'The Greek epigrams have scarce any thing of the point or briskness of the Latin; those collected in the Anthology have most of them a remarkable air of ease and simplicity, attended with something just and witty: such as we find in a sensible peasant, or a child that has wit. They have nothing that bites, but something that tickles. Though they want the salt of Martial, yet to a good taste they are not insipid.

'One great beauty of the epigram is, to leave something for the reader to guess or supply.

'The epigram admits of a great variety of subjects: some are made to praise, and others to satirize, which last are much the easiest; ill-nature serving instead of point and wit. BOILEAU's epigrams are all satires upon one or another.

'I subjoin here a few upon a variety of subjects:

'The Poet BURNS being in church one Sunday, and having some difficulty in procuring a seat, a young lady who perceived him, kindly made way for him in her pew. The subject of the discourse was the terrors of the law as denounced against the unbelieving sinner, in proof of which the preacher referred to several passages

of Scripture, to all of which the lady seemed very attentive but somewhat agitated. The poet, on perceiving this, wrote with a pencil on a leaf in her Bible, the following lines:

“FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,  
Nor idle texts pursue,  
’T was only *sinner*s that he meant,  
Not *angels* such as you.”

‘TOM MOORE being at one time forced to absent himself from a pleasant evening party on account of not having a pair of dress-breeches to wear, sent the following to his hostess:

“BETWIXT ADAM and me the great difference is,  
Though a paradise each has been forced to resign,  
That he never wore breeches till turned out of his,  
While for want of my breeches I’m turned out of mine.”

‘FOX, the celebrated orator, was one day told by a lady whom he visited, that she did not care ‘three skips of a lame louse for him.’ He immediately took out his pencil and wrote the following lines:

“A LADY has told me, and in her own house,  
That she cares not for me ‘three skips of a louse.’  
I forgive the dear creature for what she has said,  
Since women will talk of what runs in their head.”

‘A NEW METHOD OF LIGHTENING A SHIP.

“It blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion,  
The sailors all hurried to get absolution:  
Which done, and the weight of the sins they confessed  
Transferred, as they thought, from themselves to the priest;  
To lighten the ship, and conclude the devotion,  
They tossed the poor parson souse into the ocean.”

‘A GENTLEMAN hearing a lady praise the eyes of a certain prominent clergyman, wrote the following:

“I CANNOT praise the Doctor’s eyes,  
I never saw his glance divine,  
For when he *prays* he shuts his eyes,  
And when he *preaches* he shuts mine.”

‘BYRON’S EPIGRAM ON ENGLAND.

“THE world is a bundle of hay,  
Mankind are the asses who pull,  
Each tugs it a different way,  
And the greatest of all is JOHN BULL.”

‘ALLEN RAMSAY, the pleasing author of the Pastoral Comedy called ‘The

Gentle Shepherd,' wrote the following on receiving an orange from the Countess ABOYNE:

"Now PRIAM's son thou mayst be mute,  
For I can proudly vie with thee:  
*Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,  
The fairest gave the fruit to me.*"

—  
'SELF-EXPLANATORY.

"At a rubber of whist, an Englishman grave  
Said he could n't distinguish a king from a knave,  
His eyes were so dim and benighted;  
A Yankee observed that he need n't complain,  
For the thing had been often attempted in vain  
By eyes that were very clear-sighted."

—  
'ON HUMAN LIFE.

"Our life is but a winter's day,  
Some only breakfast and away;  
Others to dinner stay and are full fed,  
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed;  
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,  
*Who goes the soonest, has the least to pay.*"

—  
THE following, we believe, was originally published in the New-York *Evening Post*:

"As I and my wife, at the window one day,  
Stood watching a man with a monkey,  
A cart came by, with a 'broth of a boy,  
Who was driving a stout little donkey.  
To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke,  
'There's a relation of yours in that carriage.'  
To which she replied as the donkey she spied,  
'Ah! yes, a relation by *marriage*.'"

—  
'LORD BROUGHAM is said to be the author of the following verse: if true of him, how much *more* true of some of our Buncombe orators in Congress:

"HERE, reader, turn your weeping eyes:  
My fate a useful moral teaches,  
The hole in which my *body* lies  
Would not contain one-half my *speeches*."

—  
'AN EPIGRAMMATIC EPITAPH.

"HERE lies my wife, a sad vixen and shrew:  
If I said I regretted her, I should *lie* too."

—  
'TOM MOORE was a frequent guest and great admirer of SYDNEY SMITH, and has recorded his opinion of him in these verses:

“RARE SYDNEY, thrice honored the stall where he sits,  
And be *his* every honor he deigneth to climb at!  
Had England a hierarchy formed all of wits,  
Whom but SYDNEY would England proclaim as its primate?”

“And long may he flourish, frank, merry, and brave,  
A HORACE to feast with, a PASCAL to read;  
When he laughs all is safe, but when SYDNEY grows grave,  
We shall then think the Church is in danger, indeed.”

—  
‘ON A PORTRAIT.

“How like is this picture, you’d think that it breathes:  
What life, what expression, what spirit;  
It wants but a tongue! ‘Alas!’ said the spouse,  
‘That want is its principal merit.’”

—  
‘WIT AND TRUTH.

“He that his reason trusts to wit,  
Will often lose his way;  
As he that would by lightning walk,  
Not by the beams of day.”

—  
‘Two Englishmen were once challenged to fight a duel: one excused himself on account of the illness of his wife, and the other on account of the illness of his daughter. A wit wrote the following on the circumstance:

“Some men with a horror of slaughter,  
Improve on the Scripture command,  
And honor their *wife* and their *daughter*,  
That their *days* may be long in the land.”

—  
‘THE FRENCH MILLINER.

“MISS BLANK it is known is accustomed to say  
Many very queer things in a very queer way:  
But of all her mistakes, the absurdest and oddest,  
Occurred when she called a French ‘*modiste*’ a modest.”

—  
“God help me, cried the poor man,  
And the rich man said Amen:  
The poor man died at the rich man’s door,  
God helped the poor man then.”

—  
‘BEN JONSON, owing a vintner some money, refrained his house; the vintner meeting him by chance, asked him for his money: and also told him that if he would come to his house and answer him four questions, he would forgive him the debt. BEN JONSON very gladly agreed, and went at the time appointed, called for a bottle of claret and drank to the vintner, praising the wine at a great rate. Says the vintner: ‘This is not our business. Mr. JONSON, answer me my four questions; or else you must pay me my money or go to jail.’

‘Pray,’ says BEN, ‘propose them.’



'Then,' says the vintner, 'first: what best pleases God? Secondly: what best pleases the devil? Thirdly: what best pleases the world? And lastly: what best pleases me?'

'To which JONSON immediately replied:

"God is best pleased when men forsake their sin,  
The devil's best pleased when men persist therein,  
The world's best pleased when thou dost sell good wine,  
And you're best pleased when I do pay for mine.'

'The vintner was well satisfied, and gave BEN a receipt in full and a bottle of claret into the bargain.

'TOM MOORE one day had stolen a lock of hair from a lady's head. Upon being ordered by her to make restitution, he caught up a pen and dashed off the following lines:

"On one sole condition, love, I might be led  
With this beautiful ringlet to part;  
I would gladly relinquish the *lock* of your head,  
Could I gain but the *key* to your heart.'

'BY DEAN SWIFT on seeing verses written upon windows at inns:

"The sage who said he should be proud  
Of windows in his breast,  
Because he ne'er a thought allowed  
That might not be confest;  
His windows scrawled by every rake,  
His breast again would cover,  
And fairly bid the devil take  
The *diamond* and the *lover*.'

'VOLTAIRE'S EPIGRAM ON FREDERICK THE GREAT.

"KING, author, philosopher, poet, musician,  
Free-mason, economist, bard, politician:  
How had Europe rejoiced if a Christian he'd been!  
If a man, how would he have enraptured his queen!'

'This was handed about Berlin, and shown to that great legislator, the Prussian Monarch, who deemed it a libel, because it was true; and instead of employing a counsel, filing an information, and taking other tedious methods, took a more summary way of punishing the author, who he knew must be VOLTAIRE, at that time time resident at Berlin. He sent his sergeant-at-arms, not with a mace and scrap of parchment, but with such an instrument as the English drummers use for the good of the foot-soldiers who commit any offence against the law military. The Prussian hero went to the house of the poet, and told him he came by His Majesty's special command, to reward him for an epigram on his royal master, by administering thirty lashes on his naked back. The poor philosopher knew that remonstrance was vain, and after submitting with the best grace he could, opened the door and made a farewell *congé* to his unwelcome visitor, who did not offer to depart, but told him with the most Germanic gravity, 'that the ceremony was not yet concluded, for that the monarch he had the honor of serving, must be convinced that his mission was punctually fulfilled, on which account he must have a receipt.' This also was submitted to, and given in the manner and form following:

“RECEIVED from the right arm of CONRAD BACHOFFER, thirty lashes on my naked back, being in full of an epigram on FREDERICK, King of Prussia, by  
 “*Vive le Roi.* VOLTAIRE.’

‘LORD CHESTERFIELD perpetrated the following when he saw a full-length portrait of BEAU NASH placed between the busts of NEWTON and POPE:

“IMMORTAL NEWTON never spoke  
 More truth than here you’ll find,  
 Nor POPE himself ere penned a joke  
 More cruel on mankind.

“The picture placed the busts between  
 Gives Satire all its strength:  
 Wisdom and Wit are little seen,  
 But FOLLY at full length.’

‘THE ‘Guide-Book to New-York,’ calls the City-Hall the most imposing edifice in Manhattan:

“THE most imposing! oh! how well  
 The outside suits its inward mission!  
 Inside and out, our pockets tell,  
 It bears the ‘front of imposition.’”

‘BY JAMES SMITH.

“IN England rivers all are males,  
 For instance, Father Thames:  
 Whoever in Columbia sails,  
 Finds them Ma’melles or Dames:  
 Yes, there the softer sex presides  
 Aquatic, I assure ye,  
 And Mrs. SIPPY rolls her tide  
 Responsive to Miss SOURI.’

‘WRITTEN AFTER GOING TO LAW.

“THE law, they say, great Nature’s chain connects,  
 That causes ever must produce *effects*:  
 In me behold *reversed* great Nature’s laws—  
 All my effects lost by a single cause!’

‘BY HOOD.

“How monarchs die, is easily explained,  
 And thus it might upon their tomb be chiselled:  
 As long as GEORGE the Fourth could *reign* he reigned,  
 And then he *mizzled*!”

‘FROM THE FRENCH.

“OUR God requireth a *whole* heart, or none,  
 And yet HE will accept a *broken* one.’

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — There has been held near Detroit, Michigan, *A Meeting of Cats, to consult concerning John Phoenix's 'Feline Attachment.'* Our fair correspondent, 'MIRIAM S —,' was the reporter for the occasion. We print from her notes:

'DEAR SIR: Words cannot express my deep gratitude to you for the last triumphant result of your philosophical research, the wonderful 'Feline Attachment,' which will confer lasting blessings on a multitude of emancipated women, and will send down through future generations, with undying honors, the already illustrious name of PHOENIX.

'With watchful anxiety I had anticipated the lamentable results of such incessant devotion to sewing-machines; results such as you so touchingly describe in your 'Circular.' Deformity was usurping the place of beauty; the church was turning from its protecting arms most estimable maidens, whose only fault was an absorbing interest in womanly employments; tender wives, who had sacrificed health and strength in the vain attempt to 'stitch, stitch, stitch,' till a fastidious husband's tastes were satisfied, were torn from the privacy of their homes, (*vide* Mrs. THOMPSON,) and consigned to the tender mercies of lawyers and juries; and the question continually arose: 'How will all this end?'

'Then, in that time of great need, you came forward, O most illustrious Professor! the champion of woman, to defend her, to protect her, and to save her.

'I saw your 'Circular,' read, tried, and was persuaded. A large Maltese cat, which had long been a useless household appendage, was immediately harnessed for the service. A mouse of goodly proportions, and very fair to look upon, was temptingly displayed to the eager, longing eyes of pussy. A crowd of curious, doubting persons watched the result. The work was arranged, the linen being duly folded, the crank started, doubters were convinced. The frightened cat, a second TANTALUS, beheld the tempting prey continually escaping from her longing lips. More eagerly she rushed forward. Continual expectation and continual disappointment increased her speed. With incredible velocity sheet followed sheet, and shirt followed shirt; the long hems, the endless seams, the fine stitching, all done, and no one sighing:

'SEAM and gusset and band,  
Band and gusset and seam.'

At last poor pussy paused from entire exhaustion, and was taken from the harness almost fainting. I gave her the mouse as a reward for her exertions, and the next morning she was ready for a second series of disappointments.

'The news spread rapidly; how rapidly you can judge by the calls for the improved machine, and by the words of gratitude you have received from thousands of women, in whose hearts your name will forever be cherished. I hope Mrs. PHOENIX is not inclined to jealousy.

'By the following report of a convention, recently held in Detroit, you may judge of the feeling of the universal cat-heart toward you:

'All cats who are lovers of their race and of women, were invited to meet in a large grove near the Fort, a few miles from the city of Detroit. They sat around, in number many thousands. Yellow cats, white cats, black, gray, spotted, and striped cats.

'After due preliminary arrangements, a large yellow grimalkin was called to the chair, and a committee of three grave, wise-looking cats was appointed to draw the resolutions. After much discussion, some scratching, and a great deal of mew-ing, the following resolutions were brought forward and read by the chairman of the committee:

'*Resolved*, That Professor PHENIX, the well-known inventor of the 'Feline Attachment,' is not only a woman-loving, but a cat-loving man.

'And the whole assembly, with one accord, cried: 'Mew.'

'*Resolved*, That in thus saving the race of woman-kind from deformity, disease, and death, and in elevating our race to a dignity and importance, hitherto unattainable, among the ranks of useful animals, Professor PHENIX has proven himself a SOLOMON in wisdom and a HOWARD in benevolence.

'Then all the cats, white, yellow, black, and gray, responded: 'Mew.'

'*Resolved*, That in order to show our gratitude to our renowned benefactor, and our willingness to be co-workers with him, for the good of the suffering, we, the cats of Michigan, are willing, like the poets, to see always before us an unattainable good, and in striving for it to wear our lives away, that thus we may fulfil our mission in the world.

'And all the cats said: 'Mew.'

'*Resolved*, That as, rather than to be ignobly drowned with stones tied around our necks, as has been our fate from time immemorial, we would rather, like statesmen, die at the post of duty with our harness on; so let the earnest thanks of this assembly be given to the great Professor PHENIX.

'And with a long and loud mew-ing, the assembly dispersed.

'I have only room to send my thanks with those of the cats, and to subscribe myself, gratefully yours,

MIRIAM S.'

*Apropos* of the 'Feline Attachment,' (which, by the way, has been copied, engraving and all, into half-a-dozen journals,) here is an 'improvement' by a Providence (Rhode-Island) correspondent, who sends us '*Catalogia Phenixana*:'

'Who taught the cat the mouse to chase  
Upon a very unequal race;  
And always still before her face?  
JOHN PHENIX.

'Say, harness a dog *behind* the cat,  
And then let *both* go it' at that,  
Kitt for the mouse, and Dog for the cat!  
JOHN PHENIX.

'Who taught the cat in harness to run,  
For the sake of 'having a little fun,'  
And cause the sewing-machine to run?  
JOHN PHENIX.

'A double speed would then ensue,  
And KITTY would go it, and BOWSER too,  
Whence shirts and bosoms not a few!  
JOHN PHENIX.

'Who advertised the sewing-machine,  
And pictured the cat so awfully green,  
Which in old 'KNICK' was *first* to be seen?  
JOHN PHENIX.

'Cats and dogs are now in advance;  
*I've* one to trade—so now is your chance:  
They'll go as high as they do in France!  
JOHN PHENIX.

'But I would suggest an improvement  
made,  
Which I'd be willing to 'take in trade,'  
But pray don't let there be any thing said:  
JOHN PHENIX.

'Good 'sassengers' cannot now be made:  
JOHN PHENIX! you'll spoil the 'sassenger'  
trade!  
It's just what every body has said!  
JOHN PHENIX.'

*Some* branches of trade must be affected by *any* great invention. The 'Persuader' brought down the price of eggs in a fortnight: cats are now

'up.' But it is the 'greatest good of the greatest number' that is to be thought of. P.S. : Another correspondent from Unionville, (Ohio,) sends a second '*Accelerator*' to the 'Attachment,' with a most elaborate drawing of the improvement: dogs and cogs, wheels and pinions; churns, washing-machines, and cradles, etc., 'in inexplicable confusion' to the uninitiated: the whole too complicated for the comprehension of our engraver. Technically, the 'improvement' is described in the following 'specification.' It will be seen that our poetical correspondent has anticipated the main 'principle:'

'The improvement consists, *First*: 'In the addition of from one to five (or more) arms to the upright shaft, to which the *Canine Accelerator* may be attached. *Second*: A spur-wheel to the main shaft, connected by bevel-gearing with the several machines to be set in motion; to wit: Washing and Mangling-machines, Patent Churn, Knitting-machines, Universal Patent Back-Action Cradle, etc., etc., etc. To sporting men it will be invaluable, as a substitute (with certain modifications) for the chase. By a trifling change in the arrangement, a first-class Fox Chase may be improvised in short metre. Break off the Feline Attachment; in place of a mouse, suspend a stuffed fox-skin; then connect the 'Canine Accelerator,' and 'let her rip!' BONES, Editor and Proprietor of '*The Squiretown Waterspout*; or *Sperels of the Just made Perfect*,' (an occasional paper published simultaneously East and West,) removed his motor, a small steam-engine, and substituted the 'Feline Attachment;' but it was not sufficient to make the press go. BONES was in despair. I suggested the 'Canine Accelerator.' His face became radiant with hope. He tried it; and when the 'Accelerator' became fairly started, it would have done your heart good to see how rapidly Waterspouts were multiplied. The utility of the improvement is obvious. I feel that invention is at an end.

'EWEKEKA!'

'JOHN's invention will be immortalized. - - - THE '*Chicago Record*' is the title of a paper, in quarto form, published and edited with signal ability and good taste by JAMES GRANT WILSON. It is devoted to the interests of the Church of England, but at the same time is an admirable journal in other respects. Literature and the Fine Arts find in the editor a warm champion and a cultivated expositor. We sit down to its perusal with pleasure, and seldom leave it without closing with the last page. Mr. WILSON comes honestly by his ability. He could n't well help it. He has 'forbears,' from whom he 'inherits,' as the lawyers term it. The following passage from a series of papers entitled '*Wanderings in Europe*,' is contained in a sketch of '*A Day in Ayrshire*,' the birth and burial-place of the IMMORTAL BURNS:

'The inn-keeper informed me that every year he forwarded a number of buds, from the Poet's rose-bush, to an enthusiastic lady residing in New-York, who, although absent from auld Scotia upward of twenty years, still retains a warm Scottish heart, filled with associations and recollections of her native land.

'It is little less than a century since he came among us, and sixty-one years the past month since he departed; consequently there are few, if any, of his friends or personal acquaintances living, although there are many persons still surviving who profess to have conversed or taken 'a wee drap wi' him.' A writer in a Scotch paper gives an interesting account of a meeting with a real acquaintance of BURNS, who spoke sensibly of his character and genius. He says: 'I happened, in the presence of this old man, to be singing, in my own way, the 'Farewell to the Mason's Lodge, Tarbolton.' 'Haud your tongue, man, and no spoil that sang,' quoth he; 'I heard it once sung to perfection, and canna think to hear ony body abuse it.'

'And where happened ye to hear it?' said I.

'I heard it,' said he, with emphasis, 'the first time it was sung in this kintra.'

'Ye couldna do that,' said I, 'for BURNS himself sung it in Tarbolton the first time it was sung in public.'

'Ay, did he man, and I sat at his right hand,' quoth the old man.

'I made some inquiries about several things connected with the meetings, which inquiries he answered in the following manner: 'It was a great treat to see and hear BURNS that night. There was a number o' us belonging to the Lodge wha had been often meeting wi' him and making speeches, and we thought it was a pity to see him gaun awa' without hearing us in such a shape as to be sensible o' our greatness. We met, and looked out subjects for our speeches — every ane taking up his favorite theme. We met and rehearsed our pieces, to our ain satisfaction. The night cam when we were to have a farewell meeting of the Lodge, in honor o' his gaun awa'. There were about ten o' us sat that night as if we had been at a burial. We were sae fu' o' our speeches we durstna open our mouths for fear some bit o' them would fa' out. I had repeated mine twice or thrice to mysel', and suppose the rest were doing the same thing. We had determined to astonish the bard for ance, so as he might hae mind o' us when far frae us. He was late in coming that night, a thing quite uncommon wi' him. He came at last. I never in my life saw such an alteration on any body. He looked bigger like than usual, and wild like. His een seemed stern, and his cheeks fa'n in. He sat down in the chair, as Master. He looked round at us. I thought that he looked through me, and I lost the grip o' the beginning o' my speech, and for the life o' me could I get it again that night. He apologized for being late. He had been getting a' things ready for going abroad; he could get to us no sooner; he intended to have said something to us, but it had gone from him; he had composed a song for the occasion, and would sing it. He looked round on us and burst into a song, such as I never heard before or since. If ever a sang was sung it was that ane. O man! when he came to the last verse, where he says:

'A last request permit me here,  
When yearly ye assemble a',  
One round, I ask it wi' a tear,  
To him, the Bard that's far awa'.'

That last sight o' him will never leave my mind. He arose and burst into tears. They werena sham anes. It was a queer sight to see sae many men burst out like bubbly boys and blubber in spite o' themself. Soon after the song he said he could stay no longer. Wishing us all well, he took his leave, as we thought, forever. We sat and looked at each other, full as we were wi' great speeches. Nane o' them cam' to the light that night. The greatness o' BURNS was not understood by any body; but there is a feeling remains I wadna like to part wi'.

'I looked on this auld man as a great man. I respected his state of mind, and excused him for not being pleased wi' my singing, although it was my attempt at it which brought out his great speech.'

Very pleasantly written. - - - THE following, which is reported to us by a friend who was one of the excursionists on the occasion alluded to, as true in every particular, strikes us as being *about* one of the coolest examples of 'enforced courtesy' that we remember ever to have met with:

'ABOUT noon of the day of my arrival in St. Louis, I strolled into the bar-room of BARNUM's Hotel, and calling for a sherry cobbler, seated myself by a small table near the bar. I had just finished my glass when a well-dressed, respectable-looking personage, apparently about forty years of age, came in, and seeing no one else present (except the bar-keeper) accosted me with the salutation: 'Good morning, Sir.'

'Good morning, Sir,' I responded.

'Baltimorean, Sir?'

'No, Sir.'

'From New-York?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'One of the excursionists?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Will you allow me to look at your ticket?'

'Certainly, Sir,' (exhibiting it.)

'(Carefully perusing it,) 'Mr. —, I am happy to see you, Sir. Is your lady with you?'

'No, Sir.'

'Sorry for that, Sir; sorry for that. My name is W——: I am one of the Committee of Arrangements for the reception of visitors on this occasion. We of St. Louis do not intend to be out-done in hospitality by any other city, especially by Cincinnati; but we find that many of the excursionists, instead of applying to the Committee for quarters, have gone to the hotels for rooms. In all such cases the Committee are desirous of paying the bills, as they are extremely unwilling that the guests should be at any expense during their stay in St. Louis. May I ask if you are staying at an hotel, and if so, at what one? for it will give me great pleasure to arrange for the settlement of your bill.'



'I replied that I was not permanently located at any hotel, and that I did not feel disposed to avail myself of the hospitality of the city to a greater extent than I had already done.

'We shall insist upon it, Sir; and I trust you will notify me when you are settled.'

Just then a person in a seedy suit of black, a man who evidently had seen better days, entered the room and approached the bar, when my new acquaintance said to him in a stern and authoritative manner:

'Doctor! you can't have any thing this morning.'

Whereupon the poor doctor, turning to him with a saddened look, replied:

'I have n't asked for any thing yet?'

'You had better go! You can't have any thing here; go!'

With an expression of unutterable despair, the poor fellow turned on his heel and left, when my companion remarked:

'That, Sir, is one of the most talented men in the State. He is a physician by profession, and once had a handsome practice; but unfortunately he has given way to his habits of intemperance, and I fear that he is irretrievably lost. Perhaps I did wrong to speak to him in the manner I did, but I knew that if he called for drink at the bar, he would be insulted, and I thought it would mortify him less to send him away. By-the-by, Sir, won't you take a sherry cobbler?'

'No, I thank you, Sir; I have just taken one.'

'Take another!'

'Excuse me, Sir; I seldom drink any thing in the morning, and my fatiguing ride of last night has alone induced me to deviate from my usual practice.'

'Then, Sir, with your permission I will take one.'

He accordingly walks to the bar, and orders his cobbler, and while it is being prepared, he resumes his seat by me. Presently the bar-keeper hands him his glass over the counter, and in doing so, says to him:

'Look here! how many drinks do you owe for now? This makes forty cents you owe. I do n't wish to open any accounts with you, Sir!'

'Not wishing to mortify my new friend by my presence, I left.'

'DINING a few days since,' writes an accomplished town correspondent, 'at the St. NICHOLAS with our friend M —, we were promised an introduction to Miss LOGAN as an inducement to stay in town over night: a thing we seldom do during the dog-days. We staid, and were not sorry we did so. Miss LOGAN is an extremely sensible, modest, and well-bred young woman; qualities rare perhaps in her class, but, we think, whatever be the opinions of certain 'D.D's, by no means incompatible with her profession. Such was our impression of Miss LOGAN, after a brief but very pleasant interview, in which we discussed the various literary merits of popular contributors to the KNICKERBOCKER, including 'JOHN PHOENIX,' who is a favorite contributor of your Magazine, and who was especially remembered. As an actress she is thoroughly natural; has a correct and *unstaged* pronunciation; a musical and cultivated voice; and faultless enunciation. She did not attempt that evening, (and we are sure she never does,) any thing she is not quite equal to; in fact, all her effects are produced without apparent effort. The character of PARTHENIA, in the play of '*Ingomar*,' is not one which calls for her full power as an *artiste*, but we think she always impressed her audience with the idea of a *reserved force*, which would be forthcoming if occasion required. I hope you may have something to say of this lady in another number. I predict for Miss LOGAN a brilliant career in the profession of her choice. Her engagement at WALLACK's has been an entire success.'

'Some years since,' writes a western friend, 'I sent you a copy of a letter written at the dictation of 'Uncle CHARLEY,' an old negro of Louisville, (Ky.,) and known to every man, woman, and child in that burgh. I have before me another, which, if you think sufficiently amusing, you can print for the benefit of your thousands of readers. I will only add that the publication of his former letter made him the proudest nigger in 'Old Kaintuck.' Here is the letter :

'My respects and compliments to both Madame and Mr. C ——. Having the pleasure of a chance to write you a few lines, which makes me enjoy the most systematical happiness as any circumstance you ever accumulated.

'I have been in a state of dilapidation for some days from the result of rheumatiz. I had the pleasure of meeting with Dr. B —, and addressed my distresses to him; he proscribed for my beneficial expiration, and the remedy was sixty-five drops of neutralized spirits, contaminated through the inoculation of a very little water, a small donation of mint put upon the top of it, with a billet of ice upon the top of that, renovated with a very little nutmeg; teaspoon set in the tumbler, stir it well, and take it personally. We then find the pressure of the atmosphere evaporates, after which we enjoy systematical health.

'I hope to hear from you soon, and hope you are all enjoying the best of health. In all my dilapidated distresses prayer is the only source to which I could resort for revelation. Notwithstanding you are far off, I hope the policitations of our prayers will unite.

'A few days hence I was called upon at the Court-house to renew the redition of my emancipation. I saw the power of superstition was so predominating, that I went to congratulate the aid of this colony to see whether or not we could rebat the redition of superstition. I thought all was accomplished; when coming out of the back-door I saw the most spontaneous vigor of superstition that I ever recognized; I evaporated with great humility and distression, but the smiles of Providence was all the consolation at last.

'Your spontaneously humble servant,

*Louisville, Feb. 16, 1857.*

CHARLES M.'

We know 'Uncle CHARLEY.' We had scarcely arrived at the Louisville Hotel, supped and toileted, when the proprietor, with a kind of furtive smile, said there was a 'colored gemman' in the vestibule who wished to speak with us. We stepped out into the tessellated hall, and were introduced: 'This, Uncle CHARLEY, is the gentleman who printed your letter in his KNICKERBOCKER Magazine: Mr. C —, Uncle CHARLEY.' He struck a gesture with his right hand, 'slode' back his left foot, made a peculiarly negro-salaam, fixed on us one of the most unwinking, unwavering gazes we ever encountered, and began. We had an audience of some twenty persons who were evidently 'interested spectators.' We were completely dumb-founded! Such language! — such sesquipedalian terms! — such 'orbicular' similes! It was sometimes exceedingly difficult to 'follow the speaker,' so 'decidedly rich' was his discourse. We tried to respond; but we had been so carried away by 'Uncle CHARLEY's' lingual display, that we had missed all his salient points, and could only express, in feeble terms, our admiration of his eloquence, and our gratitude for his (inferred) favorable

opinion. We are afraid our friends then present thought we had been greatly out-done. We thought so too, for that matter! It is not too much to say of 'Uncle CHARLEY' that he is 'immense.' - - - 'HAVE you banished *'The Little People'* from your 'Table?' have asked many correspondents of us within the last four or five months. By no means: but we have been somewhat dissuaded from continuing the little juvenile side-table, from the many imitations which have been attempted of it, and the multiplicity of *old* 'child's sayings' which have been sent to us as coming from *new* children, and which were at once detected by MEMORY, the most faithful of sentinels in guarding such 'valuables.' As touching this matter, our esteemed friends of the *Boston Traveller* have 'hit the nail on the head,' and driven it in:

'Some time ago, the KNICKERBOCKER began the publication, in its 'Children's Corner,' of a series of charming little stories, embodying the bright, odd, witty, and naive sayings of children. Few of the good things upon CLARK's *'Editor's Table'* have been more widely copied or more eagerly read. Latterly, however, some sapient wittings have envied the children their success, and have been attempting to manufacture something of the sort themselves, attributing their lucubrations, of course, to children of a smaller growth. But their labored, stilted, absurd metaphors, forced into the language of childish prattle, look like an overgrown gawky in a child's pantalettes.

'Here, for instance, is one of these labored and sickening attempts which has been travelling through the papers for the last month or two:

'BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—The attention of a little girl being called to a rose-bush, upon whose topmost stem the eldest rose was fading, but below and around which three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she artlessly exclaimed to her brother: 'See, WILLIE, these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she died.'

'It is an insult to childhood to attribute such stuff to any 'little girl.' It is from such 'little girls' that LAURA MATILDA poetry and Miss NANCY novels afterward come. Luckily these miserable attempts always betray themselves. The unconscious wit and exquisite naïveté of a simple-hearted child is as difficult, or rather impossible of imitation, as the free sublimity and unrestrained grandeur of HOMERIC verse, or the natural pathos and straight-forward narrative of early Scottish Ballads. The use of a word, the turn of a phrase, the labored simplicity, the studied naturalness, every thing about it is the means of its betrayal.

'Men cannot become children any more than they can become patriarchs in a minute, and by the mere wishing and striving. Miss EVA, of UNCLE TOM'S Cabin, is responsible for a great deal of this sort of literary spawn.'

We can promise a liberally-supplied, perhaps we might be justified in saying, *luxurious* TABLE for the 'LITTLE PEOPLE' in our next: a culled repast, which we have been long waiting to serve up. This little 'Table' will be seldom set; therefore we may hope it will be enjoyed the more by our juvenile readers. - - - THE *Boston Post* says, and says truly: 'Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that 'looking guilty' proves guilt. An honest man charged with crime is much more likely to blush at the accusation than the real offender, who is generally prepared for the event, and has his face 'ready made' for the occasion. The very thought of being suspected of any thing criminal will bring the blood to an innocent man's cheeks, in nine cases out of ten. The most 'guilty-looking' person we ever saw was a man arrested for stealing a horse, which turned out to be his own property!' Precisely: and this reminds us of an amusing fact, which we here record, for the benefit of all 'suspicionary' physiognomists. When Senator SEWARD was defending the twelve rail-road conspirators at Detroit, some five or six years ago, the court-house was thronged with eager spectators and listeners. While the house was at its fullest, two perspiring,

would-be auditors pressed in at the door, and gaining a toe-hold upon the extreme edge of an outer bench, took a survey of the scene around the 'judge's stand.' 'Who are them twelve men settin' there clust together?' whispered one of the 'party' to a waggish by-stander, pointing to the jury-box. 'Those are the prisoners,' was the reply. 'I *thought* so!' was the rejoinder: 'if I was on the jury, I'd convict every one of 'em from their *looks* alone! Look at that *head* fellow, (pointing to the foreman :) see him watch what's goin' on! He knows all about it, I'll warn't you! Well, *they* 'll git it — ten years apiece, least calculation!' To adopt a novel expression, 'Comment is unnecessary.' - - - THE '*New-York Picayune*' comes out double in size, with new types, and a corresponding enhancement of capital cuts, for which FRANK BELLEW, a partner, comes in for a large share. It commands, we learn, as it deserves to command, a wide weekly popularity. 'DOESTICKS,' sensible, satirical, quick-judging DOESTICKS, *he* is at the head of it. Could it desire a better head? And speaking of 'DOESTICKS,' here are some thoughts of his '*Upon Seeing a Cricket-Match*:' which, although now 'some three moons wasted,' (having been during that time in type,) will, nevertheless, prove acceptable to our readers. But, hush! — it is 'DOESTICKS' who speaks:

'I HAVE heard a great deal about the manly sports of 'Merrie England,' and have always had a great respect for experts in the athletic games of the Britishers. Cricket has been specified as a game requiring the greatest possible quickness of eye and activity of limb, and I have heretofore looked upon it as glorious sport, full of intense, though innocuous excitement. In my lamb-like innocence I have always, until yesterday, supposed 'cricket' to be a diversion, an amusement, a pastime, a holiday recreation, and nothing but ocular demonstration could have convinced me of my great mistake. Two famous 'Elevens' were to play a match at Hoboken; crack men on both sides; heavy bets; sporting world all prophesying great things; resolved to go; did go; am disappointed, and, I may say, disgusted. Cricket is not a game; it is a popular fallacy to suppose it is, but it is a solemn ceremony periodically performed with the greatest seriousness by deluded Englishmen, who think they are having fun. Fun! A cricketer has no more appreciation of genuine *fun* than a dead jackass has of a fancy hornpipe. Grim are the cricketers, and desponding; smileless, dejected, forlorn, and bilious. The Pilgrim Fathers, holding an out-door evening prayer-meeting on a side-hill in four feet of snow, in the middle of February, were a gay set of jolly dogs, compared to these rueful cricketing Englishmen out for a day's pleasure. A New-York murder trial, or a Kentucky hanging-match, would be a roaring farce by the side of the sportive tragedy of these two crack 'Elevens.' The ghost of HAMLET's father, and the spectre of the murdered BANGCO, talking over their private matters at mid-night by the light of blue-fire, would look gay and festive when likened to the Hoboken cricket ground, with a match in progress. Cricket! — well, hereafter when I want a synonym for all that is intolerably dull and stupid, I shall say, Cricket. When I want to express a grand climax of spiritless dejection, I shall remark, Cricket. When I desire to say of some man against whom I have a mortal spite, that he is grim-visaged, jaundiced, melancholic, dismal and flat, I shall simply call him a cricketer, and then I shall dodge. And if any man accuses me in like manner, I shall take out a warrant for defamation of character, and sue him for maliciously damaging my reputation to a huge extent.

'I went to Hoboken with DAMPHOOL, who, although an American, is a cricketer. He told me I would see great sport. Got to the ground; bestowed myself under a tree, while DAMPHOOL went to the Club-house to attire himself. Presently he appeared again, dressed in white flannel from head to foot. He had a jockey cap on his head, and buckskin slippers on his feet. Just before the game commenced he tied a bed-quilt on each leg, and put on some leather gloves. Then the people took their places; the men who were not bowling all took the same position, with their hands on their knees, and their chins elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then the umpire called out 'play'; then the bowler, a disheartened-looking man, took up the ball, which was as hard as a brick, and threw it with all his might at a lugubrious individual with a two-handed pudding-stick in his grasp, who stood in front of some little sticks which were stuck in the ground like an unfinished hen-coop. There were two melancholy bowlers, two drooping batsmen, and two unfinished hen-coops. When the dejected man saw the ball

coming, he made a poke at it with his pudding-stick, but did n't hit it; then he sadly rested from his labors, while a number of doleful men on the other side wearily sought for the ball. Then the other bowler, with a sad countenance, threw the ball at the other gloomy batsman, who made another dispirited poke at it with his pudding-stick; this time he hit it; then he ran towards the other hen-coop, while the man at that end ran to his hen-coop. Then the marker put down one mark for his side; then they all rested in desponding silence for five minutes, during which time every body religiously kept mournfully still; I expected to hear some one lead in prayer, or begin an exhortation, or commence reading the Burial Service, or some inspiring thing of that kind; but no one volunteered any amusement, and pretty soon the downcast players resumed the mysteries of cricket. There was more throwing at the hen-coops, and pretty soon one was knocked down. Then the batsman, who ought to have stood before it and stopped the ball, with the bed-quilts on his legs, was declared to be 'out.' Then he retired discomfited, while the rest of his eleven set up a dismal groan. Then DAMPHOOL went in and took the pudding-stick. Then the grave man threw the ball at DAMPHOOL. DAMPHOOL poked at it manfully; then he ran for the other hen-coop, and the man who presided at the other pudding-stick ran for his hen-coop. The bed-quilts on DAMPHOOL's legs interfered with his speed, and he did n't get along very fast; so the man pensively took the ball and knocked down DAMPHOOL's hen-coop; then DAMPHOOL was out. They persevered in this jocularity until sun-set, at which time the funeral state of things came to an end. Then the eleven whose pudding-stick men had made the most journeys between the hen-coops, were declared to be the winner; then they untied the bed-quilts from their legs, took off their flannels and went home. This is all there is of the game of cricket. It may be a very brisk amusement for some men, but I would as soon think of taking a pleasure-ride in a hearse, or going to a dozen pedestrian funerals for a day's pleasure, as of participating in the gloomy ceremonies of cricket for the same length of time.

At one time *we* belonged (for one meeting) to a foreign Cricket-Club in this metropolis. But after the ball hit our south shin *once*, we limped up to the captain's office and settled — and resigned. The ball is very hard: made of pounded English bend-leather, hammered down upon a small cannon-ball. It hurts. It is very smooth, though: it's as good a *looking* ball as you'd wish to see 'any wheres.' But after all, there *is* a great attraction about Cricket. When, in the recent match at Albany between the State 'ELEVENS' and the Utica 'ELEVENS,' they were telegraphing for F —, of Utica, the best bowler among them, 'we twa' were crossing from the South to the North Lake, in 'JOHN BROWN'S Tract,' in the cool mossy woods. He *said* then he would be missed, and it seems by the report, that he was. We told him it could not be helped; that we were forty miles from land; that it would be all the same a hundred years from —. 'Oh, dre-ay a-e-p!' said F —, at the same time throwing a small round stone (he had been looking for it along the wood-road) about a half-mile ahead of us. We *saw* he was a bowler, and *did* 'dre-ay a-e-p' accordingly! - - - It is with the greatest pleasure that we acknowledge the receipt from the gifted author, of the 'Analysis of Rotary Motion, as applied to the GYROSCOPE,' by Major J. G. BARNARD, A.M., Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army. The 'Gyroscope' has always been with us a favorite instrument. Of beautifully simple construction, easily managed, and exceedingly gratifying in its results, we know of no machine equally adapted to household use, or more eminently fitted for the amusement or instruction of a small family. It has remained for Professor BARNARD, in the interesting treatise alluded to above, to explain, in a simple style, easily comprehended by the merest child, the operation of this instrument, and to show by a clear and beautiful analysis the principle upon which its results depend. There are certain points in 'the Analysis,' however, on which,

with all due humility, we must venture to differ with Professor BARNARD; for instance, on page 545 we have the following: 'Knowing this fact, we may assume that the impressed velocity  $n$  is very great, and hence  $\cos \theta - \cos a$  exceedingly minute, and on this supposition obtain integral of equations 6 and 7, which will express with all requisite accuracy the true gyroscopic motion.' We doubt very much the propriety of making these assumptions; the Mathematics is properly an exact science, and we are by no means prepared to admit the exceeding minuteness of the  $\cos \theta - \cos a$ , until it is demonstrated to us unmistakably. Again, on page 545, the Professor says: 'By developing and neglecting the powers of  $u$  superior to the square, we have:

$$\sin^2 \theta = \sin^2 a - u \sin 2a + u^2 \cos 2a, \text{ etc.}'$$

Allow us to inquire the object of developing the powers of  $u$ , provided they are to be subsequently neglected? Can Professor BARNARD answer this question? Or, how do we know that  $u$ , or its powers, are superior to the square, which, as every school-boy knows, is, next to the sphere, the most perfect of figures? But we have no wish to be hypercritical; our remarks are merely made with the object of discovering the truth, which result deep research only can obtain; as CICERO beautifully remarks, '*De profundis clamavi*,' or 'out of the deep have I procured a clam;,' showing in a figurative manner the necessity that he felt of thorough investigation on the most ordinary occasions. The analysis of Professor BARNARD is written in a playful, humorous style, admirably adapted to popular comprehension, and, like the chaste works of Professor BACHE, formerly noticed favorably in this journal, contains nothing that could bring a blush on the cheek of the most fastidious, the whole subject being treated in the most delicate manner, and all unpleasant allusions carefully avoided. We cordially recommend to each of our readers to purchase the work for himself and Mrs. SMITH, and a copy for each of the children, satisfied that they will be well repaid by its perusal. - - - A KNOXVILLE (Tenn.) correspondent, under date of the third of August, writes us:

'On yesterday I found myself in the vestibule of a neat little church, not a thousand miles from Gay-street, in this goodly city, and was courteously marshaled by the ebony sexton to an eligible seat in the broad-aisle. The venerable Bishop of —, as I entered, commenced the service by reading, in clear, melodious tones, one or more of those beautifully-appropriate passages of Scripture prescribed by the Church for the opening of public worship. Unused to the forms of the service, but conforming in my own actions to those around me, and not waiting for any such admonitory hint as was bestowed on JEANIE DEANS by MADGE MURDOCKSON on the occasion of their visit to the parish church at Willingham, I bowed my head in a devotional attitude, when my attention was arrested by the lines below, which some irreverent scribbler had traced on the back of the seat in front of me:

"If good King DAVID only once  
Could to this church repair,  
And hear his psalms thus warbled o'er,  
Good Lord, how he would stare!

"And could St. PAUL but once peep in,  
From higher scenes abstracted,  
And hear his verses thus explained,  
Would he not run distracted?



'I confess that after reading this squib I could not repress a smile, especially as my mind instantly reverted to the description given by the *Rector of St. Bardolph's* of the mode in vogue in his church, in singing (or 'performing' rather) that psalm which assimilates the virtue of brotherly love to

— 'THAT precious oil  
Which poured on AARON'S head,  
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes  
I-t-s c-o-s-t-l-i-e mois-ture — shed.'

A similar performance of which once so greatly excited the sympathies of Bishop SEABURY, for the unfortunate condition of poor AARON, that he could give no attention to the music, and lost sight of the commendation of the virtue contained in the psalm itself. Impelled by this association, I caught myself turning toward the choir, in expectation of beholding 'a counterfeit presentment' of Miss VALEARY, flanked by duplicate TUBINGENS and HIVOXES, ready to enter the lists in emulation alike of each other and of their counterparts in the gallery of St. BARDOLPH'S. Happily for my character, however, the choir broke forth in one of those grand anthems of the Church service, with an earnestness of manner and a solemnity of tone, which quickly brought my mind back to the proprieties and solemnities of the occasion, and repressed all symptoms of risibility. Nor did I, in the discourse of the reverend prelate which followed, hear aught that could in the slightest degree relieve the irreverent scribbler from the charge of slander, which I was already more than half-inclined to lay at his door.'

Some hearers are 'nothing if not critical.' - - - THE subjoined, which reaches us from Oshkosh, Wisconsin — 'what you laäfin' at?' — it *does*; comes from *Oshkosh*! — we are assured is authentic in every particular, and is given *verbatim*: 'The Methodists are having a great revival here; and among the late converts is a man whose profession heretofore has been 'Three-card Monte.' Times being somewhat 'hard,' he has found little profit of late in his legitimate 'practice,' and recently became '*hopefully* converted,' as the elders say. Night before last he rose from his seat, at the suggestion of the elder, that he 'should like to hear any one's experience,' and commenced: 'Brethren and sisters, the LORD has blessed me very much. I never felt so happy in all my life: (*getting embarrassed.*) I say, I never felt so happy: (*more embarrassed.*) If any one thinks I ever *did*, they can *get a lively bet out of me!*' There was a very small snicker then, and the elder followed with some remarks on 'human depravity.' Let no one suppose that the fact above recorded militates for one moment against the large and respectable denomination with which this individual had connected himself. Where is there a religious, a political, or a philanthropic society, into which *some* utterly unworthy members do not intrude? The only marvel is, that such impositions, under laxity in admission, are not more frequent than they are. - - - WHEN the French Academy defined a CRAB as 'a small red fish, which walks backward,' and triumphantly appealed to CUVIER to applaud the brevity and felicity of the description, that eminent naturalist replied: 'Perfect, gentlemen: only, if you will give me leave, I will make one observation: the crab is *not* a fish; it is not *red*; and it does not walk backward!' A slight removal of 'premises!' CUVIER was a good deal of a wag. He did n't believe in the existence of spirits, and was wholly free from timidity. Some wags on one occasion planned an attempt to frighten him. One of their number, dressing himself in hide, hoofs, and horns, after the most approved fashion in which his SATANIC MAJESTY

is portrayed, met him during his evening walk in the garden. 'Who are you?' asked CUVIER. 'The DEVIL!' answered a deep, sepulchral voice proceeding from the 'Presence.' 'Well, what do you want with me?' 'I have come to eat you up!' CUVIER stepped back a few paces, eyed the Figure from head to foot a moment; then said, slowly and meditatively: 'Umph: horns — hoofs — graminivorous: *it can't be done!*' And he quietly resumed his walk, while the DEVIL made the best of his way out of the garden. - - - HE's got to take it back: and he will do it too: for he has a warm and generous Scottish heart in his bosom: but he stood out on the little lawn, in front of Cedar-Hill Cottage, one bright moonlight night, and uttered words derogatory to ROBERT BURNS, that we can forgive but cannot forget. ROBERT BURNS! — who has kindled a halo about every mountain-top in 'Auld Scotia:' who has made the heather, and the smallest flower that blows upon her vales and her hills immortal; to be underrated by one of her sons! It *won't do*: and if we could make a long leg at this moment, we would extend it into the far-distant State of Missouri, and kick him with his own deer-skin over-shoes a-plaänty. ROBERT BURNS! The older we grow, the more we take to our heart what he has left behind him. Now we are all, more or less, creatures of impulse. Call it sensuousness, if you please, still it is *Human Nature*. BURNS is *The Poet of Human Nature*. I declare, (sink the cumbrous editorial We,) BURNS touches me more nearly than any author I ever read in my life. There is not a morning sun-rise; not an evening sun-light; not a wind in a spreading green tree; not a babbling brook, in which *something* that that God-gift of his genius does n't bring to mind. Who depicts the SEASONS like him? And that is what we *all* see, the same on the banks of the Hudson as by the banks of Ayr. Just look at this, for example:

'The wind blew *hollow* frae the hills;  
By *glints* the sun's departing beam  
Glanced o'er the fading yellow woods  
That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream.'

Just repeat that verse, *con* the exquisite simile, and take it to your *heart*. Let your imagination go to grass. You do n't *want* imagination to make you appreciate *that*: any more than you do *this*: which we *felt* this morning, with the odor of new-mown hay in our nostrils, what time we blessed our dear God for a standing on His earth, and a breathing in His blessed air:'

'In simmer, when the hay was mawn,  
And corn waved green in ilka field,  
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,  
And roses blaw in ilka bield.'

Look at *that* picture, and then at *this*:

'IN WINTER, when *the rain rained cold*,  
And frost and snow on every hill;  
And BOREAS, wi' his blast sae bold,  
Was threatenin' a' our kye to kill.'

Now these are simple passages from BURNS; and they are brief: but the *picture* they present is unmistakable and perfect. Look at his adjectives: how forcible — how expressive! - - - PERHAPS some of our agricultural

readers would be pleased to hear something touching the *State of Crops at Cedar-Hill Cottage Garden*, the present season, as far as it has passed away. *Imprimis*, then: CORN, of which there were three varieties, is at this present writing, in the silken tassel of the ear; broad-leafed, and of a rich dark green: PEAS, which were of four kinds, were a splendid crop; but 'they are gone—they are all passed by,' and bursting turnip-seeds, in the mellow ground, reign in their stead. Of our BEETS, we 'scarcely dare trust ourselves to speak:' never was such a 'clip' known: they were the wonder (we will not say the envy) of our neighbors; and are only exceeded by the CUCUMBERS, which *could not* be excelled in any garden of the State. Such lusty, thrifty vines, such an abundant 'yield,' we have nowhere else seen. 'Water, mush, and other millions,' in *comparison* only, seem to be inferior; for they too will prove an excellent crop. LIMA-BEANS, darkly green, and 'strong as ropes,' flaunt from the tops of the longest poles; while the great amount of 'STRING' varieties 'make glad the eye of the husbandman.' Also the yield of the most delicate ONIONS is *more* than satisfactory, for 'side by side in ranks they form,' in many a verdant bed. Our next report, including a horticultural appendix, will appear (D.V.) in October; when we shall take the liberty to present some '*Autumnal Advice to Farmers*,' our first effort in this kind having been so favorably received throughout the country. They need it much. - - - It was not convenient for us to be present at the 'Parting Supper' given to our friend, the Hon. H. C. MURPHY, of Brooklyn, our new Minister at the Hague. The temptation was rare. There were our old friends whom we were wont to meet once a-week for years, in social conclave: the 'Laird o' Wallabout; genial H — n; rough and ready W — n; Recorder T — ; Farmer M — , jolliest of the jolly; sometimes fat and burly M — LL. Friends! those were pleasant times, were they not? But this is neither here nor there. We have been laughing *loud* at the remembrance of a thing that Mr. MURPHY did one night, at the hospitable house of our friend W — n in Broome-street. We were all there, with our wives and families; and a most pleasant time we had. (We remember that 'MAGGIE' sang the '*Three Ages of Love*' with such a delicious voice, and such true emotion, that she filled the eyes of all her hearers with tears.) Well: by-and-by the folding doors were opened to the suppers-table, and the company proceeded to discuss the good things upon the board, after helping the ladies: and (let us say it *sotto voce*) a more beautiful *corps* we never encountered in our metropolis. After all the glasses were filled with sparkling champagne of the choicest brand, Judge G — — n rose at the head of the table, and in blindest tones, (wonderful mellifluousness) began a short speech, in honor of the fair sex. He was near the apex of his tower of soft oratory, when Mr. MURPHY, who was sitting by our side upon a sofa, said, with an air of commiseratory emotion that we shall never forget, and just loud enough for the JUDGE to hear, looking the while with half-averted eye; as if he was more grieved than surprised: 'Let him go on: he will stop before long: *he is intoxicated!*' Never saw we any thing like the result. The Judge (strictest of temperance men) sipped his champagne: looked daggers at his friend: but not another word could he bring forth.

It was in all respects a 'stunner.' - - - CONTENT! How much there is in that word! We are *content* this blessed morning. We wonder if there be in this world a more beautiful spot than *Cedar-Hill Cottage*. It is four o'clock in the morning. 'Morn breaketh in the east.' The Hudson, at its widest point, rolls its flood to the main, dotted with sails, flitting into dimness townward. The wee folk (in the most perfect health, thanks be to God) are all asleep. We have picked the cucumbers for breakfast, and the green corn for dinner — all on the ice. How beautiful the screen of cedars! and over all, the glorious RIVER, shimmering with its little waves, in the morning light. Behind us, on the hill-side, we stood this morning, looking for miles and miles away. We could see Long-Island Sound, and the boats approaching the metropolis. We could see the Highlands of West-Point, hazy in the distance, and the blue humps of the Kaätskills: westward the Ramapo Hills, and the blue line of the Shawangunk Mountains, and the wide-spreading intervale between. Beautiful! — *beautiful*! Supposing our little cottage *is* small? There is room enough for us and for our friends, and a hearty welcome, as they well know. Supposing there *is n't* extra room enough to swing a cat? Who *wants* to swing a cat? We have lived in Cedar-Hill Cottage for over three years, and there has not been a single cat swung in it, to our knowledge, during all that time. Now we will go out and tie up the Dahlias, which are bending down from over-growth. '*Leèben si Vohh*.' - - - THE few remarks which we made in our last number in relation to the *Preaching and Pulpit-manner of the late Rev. Dr. Lansing*, have brought us several very interesting reminiscences of that eloquent minister. One correspondent, writing from Utica, says: 'Your observations touching the manner in which DR. LANSING read a psalm or a hymn, struck me very forcibly, and brought back a hundred instances in which that eminent pulpit-orator officiated in that part of the divine service. In reading one of the fervent, devotional psalms of DAVID, his spirit really seemed, as CARLYLE expresses it, to 'catch some echo of it through the old dim centuries, feeling far off in his own heart what it once was to *other* hearts, made like unto his own.' I remember especially one lovely Sunday morning in spring, his reading the hymn of which the following forms a part. The discourse which followed was upon a subject on which he always loved to dwell, the great theme of Redemption:

'WAS it for crimes that *I* had done,  
HE groaned upon the TREE!  
A-ma-zing Pity! — Grace unknown!  
And L-o-v-e beyond degree!

'BUT knotty whips and jagged thorns  
In vain do I accuse:  
In vain I blame the Roman bands,  
And the more spiteful Jews.

'TWAS *you* — my SINS — my cruel SINS,  
His *chief* tormentors were:  
Each of my crimes became a nail,  
And UNBELIEF the Spear!

No typographical accentuation can convey to you the infinite tenderness with which he pronounced these lines, looking around the while upon his

congregation, and his eyes absolutely swimming in tears.' Our friend, Mr. ELLIOTT, the distinguished portrait-painter, mentioned to us the other evening, a circumstance which he once witnessed at Dr. LANSING's church in Auburn, toward the termination of the ministrations which were so signally blessed while he officiated as pastor in that beautiful town. It was a cold November day, and he was preaching with his cloak on. He was about concluding his discourse, and was dwelling with extreme fervor upon the vanities of this world; the 'pride of life;' the fame of earthly station; the profuse adornment of this 'poor, frail, failing, dying body;' when approaching the edge of the pulpit, he swung his dark-blue cloak gracefully from his shoulders; slipped two rings from his long, slender fingers, and dropped them all into the area below, in front of the 'Deacon's Seat,' saying as he did so: 'Thus do I cast off all these poor adornments of this mortal body—these perishing baubles of an hour: let us pray for a robe of righteousness to adorn the *soul*—that we may *ourselves* become the jewels which shall sparkle through eternity in the diadem of the REDEEMER. Let us pray!' One who has ever heard Dr. LANSING in prayer, can easily conceive what a supplication followed this appeal to the feelings of his congregation. 'There was nothing melo-dramatic,' says Mr. ELLIOTT, 'in the act I had witnessed: there was not a single person in the congregation, I venture to say, who did not regard it as the result of *spontaneous, irrepressible emotion.*' - - - A YOUNG friend ('C. M. P.,' of Louisville) writes us—and he has a palpable heart in his bosom—that he is desirous of 'contributing to the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER;' and he asks us 'what *style* we prefer?' Good Gracious!—no 'style.' One of the strangest things in this world is the ridiculous mistake that nine persons in ten make in what is termed '*composition.*' COMPOSITION! The very word expresses the whole thing. The French cook, walking in his garden, who could n't answer a question because he was '*composing,*' (a dish for the day's dinner,) is a case in point. '*Editing,*' so called, is a good deal of a humbug. You have a friend call to see you: he sits down on the piazza, and with a friendly cigar in his mouth, he tells you what befel him in Madagascar seas, or in the wilds of California. His speech is simple and direct, and you are deeply and thoroughly interested. Then you say: 'I wish you would write that out for me; I should like to publish that in the KNICKERBOCKER.' Well, he does so: he *does* write it out: but instead of telling it in the simple way in which he narrated it, he exaggerates; uses high-flown words; and utterly forgets that he is telling his story to a friend. Now many folks have said kind words of our little stuff at the end of our Magazine. There *is* one thing about it that is true; and that is, right or wrong, it is *what we think*, simply said. And that is exactly what we want our correspondents to do, if they will so oblige us. - - - 'If you will re-read my communication on '*Playing Soldier,*' as it appeared in the August number of the KNICKERBOCKER,' writes 'PETER PROTEUS,' 'you will find that I used none of the invectives with which I am accused by you in your comments.' Exactly: and as old Indian 'JIM BEECH-TREE,' used to say, '*Wha's reason?*' Because we crossed out, in the manuscript, many offensive terms, substituting others

less harsh and objectionable. For example, did n't 'PETER' say that the negro target bearers were more '*respectable*' than those who followed them? Did n't he use the terms '*despised?*' and '*foolish?*' 'We say yea, verily:' and so does the proof-reader. - - - We commend the writer of the subjoined to the attention of land-surveyors. He will be found a '*valuable acquisition.*' Observe by what a simple process he carries out his calculations. He is measuring a suburban '*lot*' and garden: 'I got at the size of his garden spot exactly, last Monday evening, when his BRIDGET had concluded her washing, and hung out her clothes to dry. I gauged it by the clothes-line which was stretched from the door to the fence and back, and then across the entire plantation a dozen times or so. The place is four shirts and a pocket-handkerchief wide, and a corded petticoat, three sheets, and two pairs of woollen drawers in length.' Close and accurate measurement, that! - - - 'WHAT think you of the following,' writes our old friend and correspondent, 'R. S. C.,' of Washington, 'which has been suggested by me as part of an inscription for a monument over the grave of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, at Tunis? Will it do?'

'SURE when thy gentle spirit fled  
To realms beyond the azure dome,  
With arms outstretched, God's angels said:  
'Welcome to Heaven's '*Home, Sweet Home!*'

'What do we *think* of it?' — that it is exceedingly appropriate and felicitous. 'Will it *do?*' — well, umph! — *rather.* - - - 'E. D. P.' vouches for the following: and if they knew who *he* was, they would vouch for *him*: An old substantial citizen of Dunkirk, A. F —, had what *he* thought a '*fast*' nag. One evening, surrounded by several companions in his pioneer life, in the bar-room of the village hotel, 'where news much older than their ale went round,' F — remarked that 'Eclipse' had made the best time yesterday ever done in Chautauque County; had trotted from Fredonia (three miles) in nine minutes and forty seconds. A — asked how he had *timed* him, as he, F —, did not carry a watch. 'Why,' said F —, 'when I left Fredonia it was just about dusk, and when I got here it was no darker, if as dark!' Good '*time*' that! - - - Whoso knows not the pleasure of rising before the sun, and going out, basket in hand, to ferret out the skulking cucumbers, beneath a broad, close-matted covering of fresh dewy vines, has much of enjoyment in store, if he will but '*but seize a-holt*' and partake of it. Then examine the '*Silking*' *Corn*; look at the '*String*,' '*Red-eye*,' Prince GEORGE, '*Mexican*,' and '*Althorpe*,' *Bean*; survey the '*Early*,' '*Orange*,' and '*Purple-seed*' *Watermelon*; observe the '*Antelope*,' '*Citron*,' and '*Nutmeg*' species of *Muskmelon*; scrutinize the *Broccoli* and *Cauliflower*, two varieties of each, and the luxuriant *Cabbages* — all of the best: then come in; read a light and cheerful chapter in '*The United States Coast Survey*,' thence to breakfast — thence to work, as we are doing at '*this present*.' - - - '*The Hut*' is omitted this month in consequence of the temporary illness of the author. It will be resumed in our next. So also shall we try to discourse at large upon our *trip to John Brown, his 'Tract.'*







Engraved by Capewell & Minard.

Wm. T. Irving

Author of "The Attorney."